TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 23 | Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West | TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 20, 1909 | TERMS—Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance) $2. | Whole No. 1111

THE FRONT PAGE

Florence Kinrade being tried for the murder of her sister, Ethel Kinrade, or is this just an investigation before the Coroner and jury?

The question is one which is bothering a good many Canadians at the moment. Many people, led away by the monumental and oft times sensational newspaper accounts of the Hamilton tragedy and all that pertains thereto coupled with the work of George Tate Blackstock, K.C., in his capacity of special counsel for the Attorney-General's Department, have almost come to the conclusion that this girl is on trial for her life. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There is no indictment; there is even a warrant out for her arrest. In the eyes of the law she stands guiltless of all crime. These are points it is well to remember at this stage of the proceedings in the Hamilton murder case.

The Kinrade family, father, mother, daughters and sons, have placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of the Attorney-General's Department, and one after the other have been put through the "third" degree by Mr. Blackstock, a man with the reputation of being about the shrewdest, as well as the most experienced criminal lawyer in the Province of Ontario. This girl, Florence Kinrade, has stood the examination of this chief inquisitor hour after hour. She maintained herself in the witness box from early evening until the grey of morning began to appear in the east. Did I say witness box? No, I meant sweat box, for this is the name given to proceedings of like character when carried on at police headquarters. The oft repeated headline in the daily papers is "gruelling examination of Miss Kinrade," and well these words adapt themselves to this form of proceedings. In the annals of the Canadian courts it would be hard indeed to duplicate the methods employed by the Attorney-General's Department in the present case. We will probably be obliged to go to Russia or into the records of the courts of France, previous to the Revolution, to find a parallel.

Strangest of all, however, is the extraordinary interview given by Mr. Blackstock to a Toronto News reporter a few days ago. I will quote a few brief paragraphs so that you may judge for yourself:

"We are plugging up the holes to prevent new evidence being sprung at the trial."

"Were you disappointed at the evidence given by the family?" asked The News of Mr. Blackstock.

"No, we got all from the family we expected."

"But," remarked Mr. Blackstock, as if in afterthought "we were probably not prepared for such impassant assertions of the lovely relations of this angelic family. The absolute state of felicity that seems to have existed has not a parallel."

"We don't want any will-o'-the-wisp being brought up. We don't want to be confronted with any theory of insanity, or fits, or anything else that might tend to cover up the truth.

"We are giving them the chance to tell everything at this enquiry, and when an attempt is made at the trial to introduce anything new we will be able to say, 'We gave you every chance at the inquest, but you said nothing about it.' Yes, we are plugging up any holes that may be sprung on us. There must be no scapegoats made in this case."

Coupling up this interview with the newspaper accounts of a semi-editorial nature that have appeared in the press for many days, and what results have we? The innuendo, painted with all the lurid skill of masters of the art, is thrown broadcast in the land. Under the thin veil of "no names mentioned" the net of suspicion is hurled, thinking thus to entangle brains as well as limbs. This may be law, presumably it is, for George Tate Blackstock is too experienced a practitioner to be caught napping. But what is the effect upon the public mind, upon the minds of the Coroner's jury, who read the papers and the interviews in their odd hours?

The letter *de cachet* passed away with the French Revolution, and we no longer condemn people upon suspicion or without a fair and impartial trial.

I call to mind the figure of a woman with bandaged eyes. She holds aloft the scales, and the figure is called "Justice." Has she gone to sleep? One might think so.

⁂

NOTHING arouses loyalty like showing the flag. Men are always readier to fight for a badge than for a principle, and the sight of the good old Union Jack is worth more for the strengthening of national ties than all the Imperialistic eloquence imaginable. Especially is this true when the flag comes in all its pomp and majesty at the head of a fine body of troops, or better still, flying at the masthead of one of those ships of war which have made it master of the seas. Then does the British subject the world over feel the thrill which comes from the consciousness of sharing in all that glory and of being protected by all that power. For this reason the recent decision of the British naval authorities to establish a sort of visiting fleet is one of great interest to all the colonies. It is understood that according to the new scheme for the distribution of the navy, the Second Cruiser Squadron, which is now attached to the Atlantic fleet, will be permanently devoted to the purpose of visiting the colonies and "showing the flag" in the different parts of the Empire. This fleet of four ships recently visited South Africa and South America, and the good effect of these trips is said to have led to the recent decision.

⁂

THE hysterical call to arms which is passing over the world like a black plague; in the midst of which the earth's great men are meeting, shaking hands and telling each other that they don't mean it, has brought forth much literature upon the subject of militarism. On the one hand, we hear the nations through their military and naval officers, their field marshals, their generals and their admirals, cry out for greater armies and larger battleships, while on the other the statesmen build a Palace of Peace at the Hague, and swing, by the leg, the white dove of peace whenever opportunity offers. These armaments, these armies and these navies are not asked for to kill men, but to promote peace, say some writers. Billions upon billions of dollars are being expended yearly by the countries of Europe for these national "ornaments," until the finance ministers of these lands gasp and wonder where the funds are to come from. Chancellor Lloyd-George is credited with the laudable ambition of annexing some $300,000,000 of unclaimed bank balances, in order to meet some of the demands upon his Government. Russia borrows all that France will loan her—more than she will be able to repay in this generation and the next—and then plans for a billion dollar navy. The naval experts of Germany call for more army corps, and meanwhile the country's nnance minister is endeavoring to find something to tax that is not already taxed beyond the point of endurance. Japan has caught the fever also, and so has the United States and Italy. The clamor for peace and the building for war has swept round the world; and the pauper stalks abroad.

Charles Edward Jefferson in the current number of The Atlantic Monthly deals with this subject and offers a solution. In the first place he calls it a mental disorder. He places Lord Roberts and others who cry out for vast armies and vaster navies in the same category as the man who believes that he is being tracked by a relentless foe, and who refuses to sit down and be convinced that no such foe exists except in the brain of an abnormally excited man. In other words, this war scare is a fever, a delirium, and to them there is nothing absurd in these articles on "Armies the real promoters of peace." These men lack the saving sense of humor, the world is a grim, tragic thing to them. And unfortunately no one can convince them that it is otherwise.

"The militarist," says Mr. Jefferson, "is comic in his seriousness. He says that if you want to keep the peace you must prepare for war, and yet he knows that where men prepare for war by carrying bowie knives, peace is a thing unheard of, and that where every man is armed with a revolver, the list of homicides is longest. He declares his belief in kindly feelings and gentle manners, and proceeds at once to prove that a nation ought to make itself look as ferocious as possible. In order to induce nations to be gentlemen he would have them all imitate the habits of rowdies. To many persons this seems ludicrous, but to the militarist it is no joke. He is a champion of peace, but he wants to carry a gun. The man who paces up and down on my front pavement with a gun on his shoulder may have peaceful sentiments, but he does not infuse peace into me. It does not help matters to have him shout out every few minutes, 'I will not hurt you if you behave yourself,' for I do not know his standard of good behavior, and the very sight of the gun keeps me in a state of chronic alarm. A droll man is the militarist."

One of the worst features of this militarism is its contagiousness. If a man can witness a fight without a desire to fight himself, no matter how ill equipped he may be for the fray, then his blood does not run red. And so it is with the parade of battleships and armies about the world. When the United States fleet reached Australia, and the men of this far off, but ordinarily peaceful British possession saw the mighty war array of their Yankee cousins, they immediately began thirsting for the blood of the Japanese. The Japanese particularly, because there was no other possible enemy in sight. King Edward and the German Emperor may clasp hands in friendship, and mean it too, but so long as they keep launching warships on their waters and piling armies on to their frontiers, just so long will that war spirit exist. At least that's the way it appears to me.

But the end must come. This awful waste of men and money cannot continue without bankrupting the world. Millions of men whose proper places are the fields and the counting rooms are performing manœuvres on land and operating warships at sea. The gold lace and broadcloth, the guns and powder—the tomfooleries and the necessities of war—must all be paid for by the men who work with their hands in the broad fields of the world.

Now for the remedy. Mr. Jefferson points out that there is one country in the world in a position to call a halt, and that country is the United States of America. He calls to mind the fact that the United States was able to make giant strides in its civilization, not by reason of a great army and a great navy, but by the very lack of them. Her citizens were not called upon to man a navy on the Great Lakes, nor to protect her three thousand miles of northern frontier with an army. Mr. Jefferson maintains that the United States is still in much the same position. He does not call upon that country to disarm, but to keep her armament down to a minimum. Let America pour her gold into education and economic development, and thus turn the minds of her citizens away from the war lust which has Europe by the throat. It is a risk perhaps, but a risk worth running. It would be a lesson which all European and Asiatic countries must sooner or later take home to themselves. They must turn in their tracks, and they will turn when this cry of hunger becomes even a more stern reality and the hunger line is longer than it is to-day. And when they turn they would see a continent lying calmly within itself. Two countries side by side. They will see none of the panoply of war, but men and women going quietly about their everyday tasks and pleasures; and they will say, "What fools we have been!"

⁂

WHAT is this world coming to? If General Meeks down in Nashville, Tennessee, had his way all the editors who took the other fellow's name in vain would be shot—shot in cold blood or stabbed, according to the weapons at hand or the personal ambitions of the would-be assassin. General Meeks in defending a trio of men for the murder of a United States Senator, said that when a man in an editorial position took occasion to plant a few rhetorical uppercuts into the frame of his dearest enemy, then he should be shot in cold blood in the streets of Nashville or any other place. In other words General Meeks would apply the "unwritten law" which is very much in vogue across the border just at present. Let this apply to Toronto and some editors would be in a sorry fix. Life would not be worth a trouser button. Imagine, if you can, a Toronto editor dashing up Yonge street with a certain member of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition in full cry, meat axe in hand.

⁂

FOR one reason or another Canadian seats of learning are unfortunately unable to retain their hold upon the really great men in the various brancher of scientific knowledge. One after another the European colleges and universities are the loadstones which draw them away, much to the detriment of the local institutions. Looking back even over the last few years the list of those who have departed from our shores has been a long one, and the universities of the Dominion are much the poorer for the change. The last to announce his departure is Professor MacBride, of McGill University. This eminent professor of zoology will now continue his work at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington.

A few years ago McGill University gloried in the possession of Professor Rutherford, who it will be remembered, carried out a most interesting series of experiments with the X-ray, doing much toward placing this very wonderful, and at the same time, very mysterious electrical fluid or whatever the scientists of the future may choose to call it, upon a practical working basis. His experiments with liquid air and radium also attracted a great deal of attention, both at home and abroad. Then, again, there was Professor Bovey, dean of McGill's scientific department, who within the year left that institution to proceed with his work in London. Nor must we forget Dr. Osler, who left McGill for Johns Hopkins University, and who is now holding a position of much honor at Oxford.

In Professor MacBride's case, however, England is getting back but her own, for at the time the Professor came to Canada from England, in 1897, to accept the new chair of zoology at McGill, founded by Lord Strathcona, his reputation as a scientist was already well established and his original research work and his writings since that time have given him world-wide reputation.

The difficulty of retaining these men in Canada is largely a matter of funds, for while Lord Strathcona, Sir William Macdonald and a few more have dealt most generously with Canada educationally, and McGill especially, the universities are as yet poorly equipped, financially, to enter into competition with England's great seats of learning. The consequence is that Canada is unable to hold her men, for after all the scientist is a very human man, and the old world surroundings and the augmented salary appeal to him much as they do to the rest of the world.

⁂

WHEN Colonel Denison takes it upon himself, as he did the other day, to poo-poo the idea of a juvenile court in Toronto, it looks to me as if our worthy Magistrate had got in wrong somehow. He is reported as saying: "Oh, yes, Inspector Hughes brought some Yankee over here to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs." I have in front of me a little pamphlet in which it is stated that the first juvenile court on this continent was established right here in Toronto in the year of our Lord 1894. And it further says that it owes its initial impulse to one J. J. Kelso, a young newspaper reporter, who, in the course of his work was brought in contact with numbers of children passing through the police courts and jails, and who realized that these were the doors through which a steady stream of helplessness flowed onwards to the gulf of confirmed criminality. The first legislation making the Children's Court a possibility was passed by the Ontario Legislature in 1893, and a supplementary Act of the Dominion Parliament followed in the succeeding year.

The Children's Court movement, however, did not advance in Canada, as it should, and it was left to the cities of the United States and those of England to develope the possibilities of such a reform. In the United States, Denver, Philadelphia and Chicago took up the work while in England youthful offenders may be dealt with under a special act which went into force January 1st, 1908. In England the act calls for the services of a probation officer, whose duty it is to advise, assist and befriend the little culprit and when necessary to endeavor

"EXTRY!"

They may talk in cultured voices
Of the shameless yellow press,
Printing murder, vice and thuggery,
Causing gentle souls distress;
But it's quite another story
And they set a different pace,
When the newsy starts a-shouting,
"Extry! 'bout the Kinrade case!"

Then it's grab your hat in one hand
And your penny in the other,
And it's push and tug and jostle
In a scratching, tearing smother;
Never mind your blooming dignity
Or high exalted place,
But mob the newsy shouting,
"Extry! 'bout the Kinrade case!"

And then take it home to wifey
Where the youngsters gather round,
And read out juicy extracts
With a fine, rich, gory sound.
Poor old Gruson's all forgotten,
Dear Hans' fairies lose their grace,
When our daddy reads the paper,
"Extry! 'bout the Kinrade case!"

This is no exalted sermon
On the sins that I have not,
For I like a nice fresh murder
With my breakfast served up hot.
But if blood and horrors please you,
Do not call it a disgrace
That there should be newsies shouting,
"Extry! 'bout the Kinrade case!"

POD.

to find him suitable employment. The Juvenile Court system is now in force in twenty-four states of the American Union, also in Sweden and Austria and to some extent in Italy. In England, Birmingham has a juvenile court in successful operation, and so has other English cities. The city of Philadelphia has fourteen probation officers who give all their time to the care of arrested and unfortunate children. In Ottawa the system has met with a great deal of success. In that city hundreds of cases have been dealt with by probation officers, which means that the Capital City's quota in the penitentiaries will, in the days to come, be less than under other circumstances. This is not philanthropic slop, but fact.

Nothing begets criminals like criminal associations. Put a young man in jail or in penitentiary, and the chances are five to one that he goes back again for a second term. If there is anything in the category of crime and bad living that the young criminal has not already breathed into his system he will get it in the penitentiary and in the jail. Crime is very largely a matter of associations, and when it is not associations it can almost always be put down as a disease and should be treated as such. The hardened criminal may be classed as a man with the leprosy, while the youthful culprit is in the chicken-pox or measles stage. The difficulty with the average Police Magistrate is that he does not have the time, with his manifold duties, to properly diagnose the cases brought before him. Chicken-pox and measles and leprosy look all the same to him and therefore the treatment is very much in accord.

The juvenile delinquent should be taught that straight living—an upright life—is in his own interest as well as in the interest of the community in which he resides. He should be shown that a good name is worth more to him than all else in the world. This can only be done by getting the youth away from bad associations, and not into them via the jail door. In the city of Birmingham, England, in 1904, no less than 112 children under sixteen years of age were sent to prison. In 1906 with the juvenile court in operation, there were but nine imprisoned and the following year not a single one. In 1907 no fewer than 755 children were, in Birmingham, charged with various offenses, and of this number only sixteen were previous offenders. This record speaks for itself and a juvenile court could hardly have received a more pronounced endorsation.

The really incorrigible boy or girl are, comparatively speaking, few. At least they would be few if proper means were taken to shield these children from bad associations. The police court with its contaminating influences is no place for children, no matter how kindly disposed the presiding judge may be. What is required is a probation officer who will go into the homes of these youngsters and find out what the home influences are. Too often the parents should be in the court and not the child.

From all over Canada comes the cry that the jails are full and the penitentiaries are running over. This is not as it should be. Let us get at the root of the question. If other countries have successfully operated the juvenile courts, don't you think that it is time Canada also took a hand?

⁂

CENTRAL America is having its periodical war, and a lot of valiant patriots of various shades of mahogany are violently potting at one another for love of country and the game. If they keep it up long enough someone may get hurt. In the meantime one can't help asking one's self how long this state of affairs is to continue down there before the American or Mexican government steps in and confiscates the whole comic-opera war, and sends the heroes off to bed like a lot of little naughty boys. It could be very easily done, and would really save a lot of trouble. Central Americans are not of good parliamentary material. Their imaginations run too much to Donnybrook Fair with gunpowder trimmings. They seem to thrive on revolutions themselves, but the rest of the world gets dizzy watching them, and it is time the indecent exhibition was put a stop to. About the best plan would be for Mexico to adopt the whole collection of Central America republics. They would make a happy little family party, but stout old Porfirio Diaz has a way of handling fractious little fellows. After he had had a session with them they would probably be much better boys for a while, and would settle down peacefully as provinces of the Mexican Republic.

⁂

THERE is no question of natural resources of more interest or more importance to Canadians than the forestry question, and anything concerning that really vital point should receive careful consideration. For this reason much interest attaches to the decision of the Canadian Forestry Association to take up active educational work in connection with the problem of preserving national timber resources. It was decided at the recent business meeting of the Association that as soon as possible a permanent salaried secretary of the organization would be appointed, and that it would be his care to promote scientific forestry throughout the Dominion, both by articles and lectures. Such a man would, of course, be a trained forester, and devoting all his time to this work, he should certainly be able to do a great deal towards arousing the public mind to a knowledge of the forestry situation and of the best means to preserve the national resources. And in this way the problem is treated at the very root. There is no use trying to save the forests by means of legislation, so long as the mass of the people are ignorant of the facts and their importance. The first thing to do is to educate the public; and this is no slight task. But the Canadian Forestry Association is going at it the right way, and there is great consolation in the thought that once this is done, all the rest will follow easily and of itself.

⁂

THE annual tug-of-war between the anthracite coal operators and the miners is about to materialize, according to despatches from Philadelphia, the headquarters of the operating fraternity. The proclamation of a strike throughout the anthracite region of the Keystone State the present spring would surprise no one. As a matter of fact the operators have for many months past been providing against just such a contingency by piling up coal reserves. In other words they have been mining a great deal more hard coal than there has been a market for, and have been accumulating this surplus at tide water, well away from the scenes of agitation, should a strike arise. The men are likely to demand "shorter hours and increased wages," say the despatches. Shorter hours mean nothing to the miner who works by the piece and not by the day. Therefore there is a deeper meaning, which is the recognition of the United Mine Workers of America. In other words the recognition of the Union, to the exclusion of all other labor. This is the main issue and one for which the operators have been preparing these many months.

It will be a fight, if it comes, between the coal roads, under the thumb, either directly or indirectly, of James Pierpont Morgan, and the men as represented by the United Mine Workers of America. The independent coal operator, in the sense in which we knew him fifteen or twenty years ago, has ceased to exist. If he retains his properties at all it is only a nominal ownership for he must sell his coal at the dictation of the railways, who in turn operate "coal companies."

Thus the law against these combines avails nothing Whatever issue prevails the public will still be obliged to pay the bill. Anthracite coal mining is to all intents and purposes a huge trust. Competition is a thing of the past, and so it is made possible for these coal roads, hugely over capitalized as they are, to pay handsome dividends. As I said before, we pay the dividends on these "balloon" properties and must continue so to do until such time as the Government of the United States finds a way out of the difficulty, and this still looks to be a long way off.

THE COLONEL.

MAUD ALLAN IMMORTALIZED.

Mrs. David Longworth has executed a charming statuette of Miss Maud Allan, which will be eagerly sought after by the many admirers that this charming dancer has bewitched.

Says The Canadian Gazette, of London: A good many points of Canadian interest arose in the speeches at last week's Canadian Club dinner. Lord Northcliffe was to have been the chief guest of the evening, but soon after his return from Canada the multi-newspaper proprietor found he was suffering from what it is hoped may prove to be a slight internal trouble, and has now gone to the Riviera with Lady Northcliffe for a short holiday. Major-General J. C. Hoad, the organiser of the Australian forces, told us that he is returning to the Antipodes by way of the Canadian Pacific route next month, and no doubt the Canadian Clubs of not a few Canadian centres will find him a most interesting subject for their hospitality.

President Taft's good nature and his philosophical temperament shine out in one of his favorite sayings: "Nearly every quarrel begins in a misunderstanding, in an erroneous interpretation of the truth." This is a paraphrase of the terser French phrase, "To understand all is to forgive all."

On the Dear Old Farm

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

IT was evening, dusk was falling; while the Whip-Poor-Wills were calling,
Came a pilgrim through the pleasant orchard trees.
Ah, his hair and beard were shaggy and his trousers torn and baggy,
And the cattle took account of things like these.

He was worn and he was weary and his breath was hot and beery;
As it mingled with the scent of new-mown hay,
And he aimed a savage kick at a wee, harmless, feathered chick that
For one hapless moment chanced to block his way.

Then he tripped upon a twiglet, or perhaps it was a piglet,
And he fell among the blossom-covered grass,
While the gentle trees in pity watched this farer from the city
As he lay a sunken, sodden, snoring mass.

Then the dog came out and sniffed him as the hired man strove to lift him,
And I grieve to say he kicked him twice or more.
Till the sleeper turned to view him, and the words he spoke unto him—
But his diatribe was ended by a snore.

Then with golden hair and curly came a little, blue-eyed girlie
With the sweetly gracious smile the angels wear;
First she stood a moment gazing, then she said with ease amazing:
"Tote him in the house, poor dad, he's soushed fer fair."

Female Philosophy.

Offered with Apologies to the Average Young Man.

DON'T tell a girl you love her, and then look frightened for fear she will believe you; the chances are she won't.

The quality of a woman's affection depends upon the man it is lavished upon; therefore don't swear if you get an inferior brand. Most likely the fault lies with yourself.

Don't fancy all women are looking for husbands. Taking yourself as an average example—is there any real reason why a woman should go in pursuit of you?

Indifference kills a wise woman's love; though it may increase that of sweet sixteen.

Peace and security lie along the high road, but disaster lurks along the path through your neighbor's preserve.

When a woman decides that after all you won't do, and returns you to life's bargain counter, don't blame her. She may have discovered all you thought concealed.

Don't fancy that because a woman lets you love her, you are thereby made possessor of the latch key to her soul. She'll always stop to smoothe her hair and peep through the blind before she unlocks the door.

If a man could once see himself with the eyes of his beloved he'd believe himself in a strange country.

Love is long-suffering, but human door mats are not placed at the front entrance of the best houses.

A woman plays with love as a child plays with fire, and when she gets burned it's usually on her own hearth stone. A man on the journey through life builds a fire at each stopping place and puts it out when it has served its turn.

C.C.M.

The Spade Reveals a Lost Empire.

AN amazing story of what the spade has revealed to modern men in the Mediterranean island of Crete of a buried civilization nearly 12,000 years old has just been told in The London Times.

The writers declare that "the recent excavations in Crete have made it necessary to reconsider the whole scheme of Mediterranean history before the classical period.

"Ever since Plato left half told, in the 'Timæus' and the 'Critias,' the story of Atlantis, the great island kingdom in the Western ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules, geographers and other commentators have exercised themselves in vain to give a local habitation to the now submerged kingdom and to identify it with some known region of the habitable globe. 'As many attempts,' says Jowett, 'have been made to find the great island as to discover the country of the lost tribes. . . . Interpreters have looked for the spot in every part of the globe, America, Palestine, Arabia Felix, Ceylon, Sardinia, Sweden.'

"The story—Jowett calls it a fiction—has also 'exercised a great influence over the imagination of later ages.' It is the prototype, or the parent in various degrees of propinquity, of the 'Vera Historia' of Lucian, and of all those apologues or fables in which mediæval or modern writers have essayed to enshrine their own ideals or to satirize the foibles of existing States. Of this large family, to mention only a few, are the fantastic imaginings in this kind of Rabelais, More's 'Utopia,' Bacon's 'New Atlantis,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' Voltaire's 'Micromegas,' and many less famous apologues.

"Is there any foundation in fact for this fascinating and widespread story? This is the question once more raised by the explorations recently conducted with such astonishing results by Dr. Arthur Evans on the site of Knossos in Crete a solid foundation in fact for what might otherwise be regarded as the mere creation of Plato's abounding fancy.

"Although many questions are still undecided, it has been established beyond any doubt that during the rule of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt, when Thebes was at the height of its glory, Crete was the centre of a great empire whose trade and influence extended from the North Adriatic to Tell el Amarna and from Sicily to Syria.

"This civilization was as ancient and as firmly established as it was wonderful. The beginning of the flint deposits found beneath the Palace at Knossos is considered by Dr. Evans to date from at least 10,000 B.C., and from that time onwards the development of the Minoan people can be traced continuously.

"The Minoan civilization was essentially Mediterranean, and is most sharply distinguished from any that arose in Egypt or the East. In some respects also it is strikingly modern. The many-storied palaces, some of the pottery, even the dresses of the ladies seem to belong to the modern rather than the ancient world At the same time, the number of Minoan sites and their extraordinary richness far exceed anything that Crete could be expected to produce, and must be due in part to that sea-power which the ancient legends attributed to Minos."

Washing Windows in Zero Weather.

WHEN V. G. R. Vickers, an old Toronto and Trinity College School boy, superintendent of the Dominion Express Company at Montreal, was agent for that company at St. John, N.B., he employed an Irish teamster named Jeffords. The winter climate of St. John is usually as unreliable as that of Toronto, and a variation of sixty degrees within twenty-four hours is not unheard of. One morning Mr. Vickers arrived at his office to find windows, door, doorstep, and sidewalk coated with ice, like a liner which has just reached port after a battle with mid-winter gales in the North Atlantic. The thermometer stood away below zero and the white steam, which old time Bay of Fundy people call the "barber," covered the surface of the bay, but Jeffords admitted that he had just been playing the hose on the windows.

"Queer pastime for a morning like this, Jeffords," said his boss, "don't you know water freezes?"

"Well, sir," said his driver, "I thought as McAvitys washed their windows yesterday it would be all right to wash ours to-day."

Guglielmo Marconi, the wireless telegraph wizard, is only thirty-five years old, as he was born in Bologna in 1874. He produced in 1896 the first wireless telegraph capable of sending and recording electric waves across long distances. In that year he could send intelligible messages 200 feet. By 1900 he had perfected the process so as to be able to transmit messages 200 miles. In 1902 his ship, the Carlo Alberto, kept in touch by wireless with a station on the coast of England at distances up to 2,300 miles. In December of that year wireless messages were exchanged between England and Canada. In 1907 a regular trans-Atlantic wireless service was inaugurated.

WM. STITT & Co.
11-13 KING STREET EAST
Just to hand: Broadcloths, Cheviots, Homespuns, Serges, and all the newest designs in Cloth Goods for Ladies' Tailor Made Gowns, both in coloring and texture. We have also the Spring books, containing the latest styles from the European Markets.
We are prepared to give our customers careful and prompt attention. If they could place their orders now it would avoid the rush during the busy Season.
A new Corset called La Adria for giving the slight, stylish, slender effect will be to hand in a few days.
"Note the Address"
11 - 13 King St. E., - Toronto

NEW WALL PAPERS
We are now offering the most beautiful and comprehensive collection of English, French, German and American Wall Papers ever shown. They have been selected with an eye to their artistic merit, and will appeal both for beauty and practicability.
We can serve you well, whether you require a paper for Bedroom, Hall, Dining-Room, Library or Drawing Room, and you will appreciate selecting from an unequalled assortment, where exclusiveness, style, supremacy and invincible value is assured.
Estimates submitted for decorating in all its branches.
The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

We believe that it is not sufficient for a restaurant to provide good food.
Pleasant surroundings play an important part in the enjoyment of a meal. The ST. CHARLES combines these two features in a way which insures complete satisfaction.
The St. Charles Grill, 66-70 Yonge St.

Candies
Chocolates, Bon Bons, and a large variety of all kinds fresh daily.
Soda Fountain
Ice Cream Sodas, Frappes, Sundaes, Ices, etc
Japanese Tea Room
Afternoon Tea, Luncheons, Coffee, Cocoa, etc.
Special Lunch every day for busy people, 12 till 2.
Open evenings till 11 o'clock.
THE SAVOY
(YONGE & ADELAIDE STS.)

A Ball, Reception or Cotillion
McConkey's Assembly Rooms
admitted the best in Toronto.
For Particulars Phone Main 620

DIAMOND RINGS
We do a large business in good diamonds, and we feel quite sure that our firm is just the kind of an establishment for which you are looking before you invest. We are known all over Canada as par excellence the house of quality, and anything brought from us is the best and cheapest. Get acquainted by writing for our Catalogue.
WANLESS & COMPANY
Established 1840
396 Yonge Street, TORONTO

Hooper's Meloderma
especially prepared for the complexion. Applied to the face, neck or hands after exposure to winter winds it removes all irritation and roughness, stimulates healthy action of the skin pores and restores freshness and beauty to the complexion.
Price 25c. and 50c. per bottle
HOOPER'S THE QUALITY DRUG STORE
83 King St. W. Phone M. 536

NVESTMENTS
suitable for
rustees and Executors
Correspondence invited.
E. AMES & CO., LTD.
7 King St. East, Toronto

"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

Life Department
ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.
LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
IRISH & MAULSON
Toronto General Agents.

GENERAL
Accident FIRE and Life
ASSURANCE CORPORATION
LIMITED
Capital $1,000,000
CHARLES COCKSHUTT, Chairman
D. R. WILKIE, Vice-Chairman
T. H. HALL, Manager
Toronto Agents:
SZELIGSKI & McLEAN,
22 Toronto St.

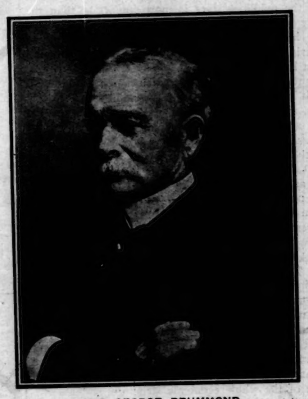
Prior to our removal to our new premises, No. 16 Temperance Street, we are offering our stock of
English Carriage Harnesses, Riding Saddles, Horse Clothing, English and American Hand Bags, Carryalls, Etc,
At a Discount of 25 Per Cent.
GEO. LUGSDIN & CO.
115 Yonge Street
TORONTO

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

Montreal, March 15, 1909.

THINKING that they wanted "Asbestos" stock more than they really did, buyers on the Montreal Exchange pushed prices above 92 a few days ago. Subsequently, prices fell off a little, there being a margin of but three points between the price mentioned and that at which the merger is prepared to take the stock. A margin of three points, less commission, although not to be sneezed at, is not sufficient to attract a great deal of interest, particularly when the market is full of "sure things" and "get-rich-quicks", with certainties of many times three points. Trading has consequently fallen off to almost nothing. But on the street, the interest in the deal is quite keen. According to report, the underwriting of the securities of the new merger, has been most successful, the issue having been oversubscribed. The merger will have a bond issue of $7,500,000, while the stock will consist of $1,875,000 preferred, and $8,125,000 common. The bonds will bear interest at 5 per cent. and the preferred stock will pay 7 per cent. The bonds have all been subscribed to at par, and with them has been handed out a bonus of 25 per cent. preferred stock and 25 per cent. common. As the preferred stock amounts to just 25 per cent. of the bonds, it is easy to see that it will all be absorbed in the underwriting bonus. Not so, however, with the common. After the bonus to the underwriters has been distributed, there will remain $6,250,000 common stock. Just as a matter of curiosity, it would be quite a satisfaction to know what has become of this $6,250,000 common stock. Of course it is all water. There are times, however, when ever water has its attractions. Shawinigan stock—and the organizers of the asbestos merger are Shawinigan men—was of the same nature as the present stock. But that doesn't prevent it from selling over 90 to-day, whereas a few years ago some holders were glad to get $20 per share for it. It's a fairly safe surmise that, watery as that $6,250,000 Asbestos common may now be, the day is not far distant when the owners of it will regard it as having been a nice little rake-off on a nice little deal. Well and why not?



SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND
Sir George is President of the Bank of Montreal.

Gone to Americans.

The gentleman named, this week addressed the Canadian Club at Montreal on the subject of the conference, and warned his hearers to give earnest attention to it. Now, it so happens that the resources mentioned above have largely fallen into the hands of Americans. In reality it matters not a whit to the consumer whose hands they are in. So long as they are not in his he will have to pay someone else to get at them. The logical outcome of the conference on the conservation of natural resources, is that, in order that the resources shall be used to the best interests of the country, they shall be held by each government, in perpetuity, as belonging to the people of that country, and shall be leased on some sort of a sliding scale and not sold as in the past. By this means and no other the value of the natural resources of Canada may be conserved and participated in by Canadians in perpetuity.

Important Mineral.

Many of us can remember the day when, as youths, our chief interest in asbestos lay in the fact that it looked like wool yet would not burn. This suggested to our receptive and ingenious minds infinite possibilities for the deception of our country cousins and other youths less sophisticated than we, all of which we took full advantage of before admiring and astonished audiences in the back yard. We now know that it is one of Canada's most important minerals. It was only this week, however, that the manager of a local bank, was startled into recognition of this fact by the articles published in a local paper. Yet Mr. H. Vincent Meredith, manager of the Bank of Montreal, who has just returned from a trip abroad, tells us with pardonable pride that Londoners looked to the banks—rather the Bank of Montreal—for guidance touching matters financial in Canada. As a matter of fact, however, the value of the asbestos output in 1907, in Canada, was about two and one-half million dollars, coal being the only metal in the non-metallic list exceeding it. In the metallic list, its value was exceeded by that of gold, copper, silver, nickel and lead, but, by this time, it has probably risen above lead. If the profits of these various mining industries were considered, asbestos would probably occupy a much higher position. For instance, it is claimed that, based on the profits actually made by the various companies entering the merger, the new merger is assured of bond interest, interest on preferred stock and a surplus of $50,000 towards the common stock. This means, that without any of the savings which will naturally be effected under the new regime, the merger is assured of profits of over half a million dollars annually. And it is not assisted by any government bonus either.

The Nickel Industry.

Another mining industry, the value of which has lately been the subject of some attention, is that of nickel. In point of value, of yearly output it stands near the top, in Canada. In 1907 it amounted to $9,500,000, and it is said that the value of the matte in the 22 years during which nickel mining has been carried on in Canada, amounted to $23,000,000 at the mine. The market value of the refined metal contained in the matte, is judged to be not less than four times that sum, or over $90,000,000, while the ore reserves of perhaps 20,000,000 tons, have been estimated at a value of $200,000,000. Well, for their own satisfaction, they may as well know that they have none. All they have to do is to dig up the ore and ship it to the border and get paid for their labor and the incidental machinery they may be able to sell to the mines. There may be a few Canadian shareholders, but one never hears of them, as such. And yet all these mines belonged to Canada, once. Tough, isn't it? Does anyone know what has become of the great stretches of iron country out by Lake Superior? Then there are waterfalls and timber lands, and asbestos mines and heaven knows what not, to say nothing of silver mines in Cobalt and the much more valuable wheat lands of the west. A conservation conference was held in the United States a short time since. To it went Hon. Sydney Fisher and other Canadians.

MONTREAL

It is a matter of no small concern to Canadians to know what interest they have in these valuable nickle mines.

Toronto, March 18, 1909.

SOME big money is being made in real estate and it is not far away either. It is a great mistake to think you must go away from home to pick up the coin. Much of the property that has appreciated so much of late is really at your door. Toronto property is steadily advancing in prices. The hard times in business has apparently had no unfavorable influence, except perhaps to stimulate the demand for real estate. Money has been so cheap that it must find an outlet somewhere, and a great deal has been invested in city property. For a long time past there has been no speculation to speak of in securities. Of course, as was quite natural, there have been spasmodic jerks in some securities on the stock exchange, but these have not enticed the public. The ups and downs in prices were due chiefly to the operations of the brokers themselves, and in a small measure to the purchases on sales of a comparatively few investors.

But the best speculation to-day is in good business property in our own city. Some very quick turns have lately been made, and some very profitable transactions have resulted. Yonge street property has been specially active. Along this thoroughfare, which is the leading retail artery of the city, prices have risen 25 to 50 per cent. within a very short time. Values on this street, as far north as Bloor, have advanced to about a thousand dollars a foot, and down about Shuter street, sales have been made at $1,200 to $1,300 per foot.

A few years ago, $400 around Bloor and $600 a foot a half mile south of this were considered high. Prospective buyers at these prices at that time were advised against paying such figures, and were told by many that it would be impossible to get out whole no matter how long they carried them. They are now tearing their hair—that is, those who took the advice of their friends. Rents also have risen, although in some cases, at to-day's prices, the yield on the investment will not return over 3 to 4 per cent.

Among the cities on this continent, Toronto ranks ninth in point of building operations. Last month building permits amounted to $853,035, or an increase of 247 per cent. over February of last year. On Avenue road hill values continue to advance, while in the Rosedale district it is almost impossible to buy. The increasing demand for properties in this city seems to justify the opinion that Toronto is destined to be a centre of the greatest importance before very long.

Development.

Bonds have reached a price where they are much less attractive than a year ago, and the future of this market has temporarily become uncertain. A great many of the recent issues have been made by western municipalities, and it is more than probable that many more flotations from that direction are to come. The large immigration into the west, and the activity in railway building, mean greater development and the extension of Canada's foreign trade. A statement prepared by the Trade and Commerce department reports of Great Britain, United States and Canada, shows that whilst the exports of Great Britain and the United States during 1908 fell off considerably from the records of 1907, the exports of this country were substantially ahead of all previous records. The returns are: Great Britain, 1906, $1,827,799,978; 1907, $2,073,370,737; 1908, $1,835,801,951. United States, 1906, $1,772,716,021; 1907, $1,895,356,464; 1908, $1,728,668,188. Canada, 1906, $238,746,322; 1907, $238,015,557; 1907, $247,630,800. In the matter of railway construction this country is making more progress than any other. Despite the bad year of 1908, the new mileage in Canada was over 20 per cent. greater than that opened up in 1907, though the United States railway construction during 1908 was well on to 40 per cent. less than for the previous year. At the present time there are actually under construction about 4,500 miles of railway in Canada, calling for an expenditure of over $100,000,000, a large part of which will be expended this year.

Consols on New basis.

There is a scheme on for the reconversion of British Consols to a three per cent. basis. Among the advantages claimed for the proposal are that the National debt would be reduced by about 70 millions at one stroke, that future borrowings would be made easier, and that the premier security would be quoted over par. It seems illogical, but there is no doubt that a three per cent. stock at 102 is more attractive than a 2½ per cent. security at 85. As

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President. J. Turnbull, Vice-President and General Manager.
BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.
Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars
TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.
BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould — Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Casington — West Toronto
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA
Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.
We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ISSUES
MONEY ORDERS
at low rates for any sum up to $50. Safe and convenient
OFFICES IN TORONTO:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

MONEY ORDERS
Money Orders of the Canadian Bankers' Association are safer than any other method of transmitting money; more convenient to obtain or negotiate, and as cheap as any other method and usually cheaper. They are payable wherever there is a branch of any chartered bank in the Dominion of Canada; and can also be used to advantage in the United States. For sale at the
NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Toronto Office - - - - 34 King St. West

ISSUED IN DOLLARS, POUNDS STERLING, FRANCS MARKS, RUBLES, LIRES, KRONEN, ETC.
Payable All Over The World
Money Paid by Telegraph or Cable
FOREIGN MONEY BOUGHT AND SOLD
GENERAL OFFICES: TORONTO

$1.00 Opens an Account in the Savings Department of $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal.
Capital Paid-up $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits $1,277,404.49

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
(In connection with the N.Y.C. & H.R.R.R.)
Spring Vacation Excursion
TO
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Tuesday, March 23, 1909
ROUND TRIP... $11.00 FROM SUSPENSION BRIDGE
Tickets good going on regular trains connecting with FAST TRAINS LEAVING BUFFALO
9.00 A.M. 7.30 P.M. 10.45 P.M.
Returning, tickets will be good on all regular trains within eleven days, and to stop-off at Baltimore or Philadelphia, affording an opportunity to visit
ATLANTIC CITY
SIMILAR EXCURSION APRIL 7
For tickets and additional information, apply to Ticket Agents, N.Y.C. & H.R.R.R., or B. P. Fraser, P.A.B.D., 307 Main Street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N.Y.
J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

The Need for Electric Light
is most felt in households of children, where pure air, good light and safety from fire are a prime consideration.
The cost of it is no more than you pay for other illuminants, all things considered
SEE OUR PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF ELECTRICAL COOKING DEVICES ANY DAY FROM 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M.
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited
12 Adelaide Street East

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized $15,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
Rest 5,000,000.00

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit issued, available in any part f the world.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits at all Branches of the Bank from date of deposit.

ELK LAKE, MONTREAL RIV R DISTRICT.

A Branch of the Bank has been opened at Elk Lake, under the management of Mr. A. H. Seguin, formerly Accountant at Cobalt Brr ch.

"Shirts to Order"

WE ARE NOW SHOWING NEW MATERIALS FOR MORNING, AFTERNOON AND EVENING DRESS SHIRTS, ALSO FOR BUSINESS, GOLF, TENNIS, BOWLING, MOTORING, TRAVEL, ETC., ETC.

WE ARE ALSO SHOWING SPECIALTIES IN NECKWEAR, COLLARS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, ETC., ETC.

King Edward Hotel
Toronto

BY ROYAL WARRANT

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

G·H·MUMM & CO
EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite Dry Champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world, where men of taste gather, where the name

G·H·MUMM & CO.

is not a synonym for the best Champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. Mumm & Co. by
His Majesty King Edward VII
His Majesty The German Emperor
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria
His Majesty The King of Italy
His Majesty The King of Sweden
His Majesty The King of Denmark
His Majesty The King of the Belgians
His Majesty The King of Spain.

This is the Season for Making Marmalade

We are now receiving shipments of selected Bitter Oranges and offer our customers a well-tried old Scotch recipe which hundreds use every year with excellent results.

MICHIE & CO.
Limited
7 KING ST. WEST

a matter of fact the scheme has been endorsed by several prominent London bankers and financiers. In the light of history Lord Goschen's historic conversion of British national debt to a 2½ per cent. basis appears to have been a mistake, but he could not foresee the immense changes, financial and social, which the future had in store—the addition for instance, of 250 millions to the debt on account of the South African war, and the adoption of more expensive social habits during recent years which has compelled people, who had heretofore been content, with a modest three per cent., to invest in other securities bringing them a larger income.

***

Railways.

The lease of the Wisconsin Central Ry. by the Canadian Pacific Co., through the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie, does not provide for any guaranty of dividends on the preferred stock of the first-named Company. Many people seem to have thought that the guarantee by the Sault Company had been made. The shareholders of the Wisconsin Central, however, will be entitled only to such distribution of the net revenue as may be available in the discretion of the board of directors. The Wisconsin Central Ry. is a property of great strategic value and of considerable possibilities, but like all properties that are endeavoring to keep pace with the requirements of a growing business it now requires large sums of money expended upon it. When the "Soo" line issues the $6,038,000 new stock, as sanctioned by the directors, it will have $31,248,000 stock outstanding. Of this amount $10,416,000 will be 7 per cent. preferred and $20,832,000 common, on which the current dividend rate is 6 per cent. The new stock increases the annual dividend requirements by $383,040, making them total $1,979,040.

The C.P.R. has been very dull speculatively the past week. The gross earnings continue to show considerable improvement, but the increase in expenses more than offset these, and the net revenue still continues somewhat unsatisfactory to shareholders.

The Mining Situation.

TO elaborate an argument for honesty in regard to mining is to invite the inference that the advocate has a grievance, an axe to grind, or that he has an impractical scheme for the beatification of the universe. Undoubtedly it is a crime to be morally cataleptic—if caught in the act—otherwise the question seems to be to what extreme is it possible to go without risking liberty or being fined $100 for grand larceny; while a "Happy Hooligan" committing petty larceny, gets six months and no option.

* * *

These reflections are not sentimental maunderings on human depravity. They have special reference to the vigorous remarks of two Canadian scientists, who find themselves at variance with prescribed conditions, and who, therefore, publicly expressed their unvarnished sentiments on the course of events in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. In the first instance Professor H. E. T. Haultain, of Toronto University, a trained engineer and metallurgist, circumspect in his public and private deportment, and aggressive withal, jabbed the provincial body politic by telling his students that mining and market methods in Ontario, with rare exceptions, were about as unsavory as they well could be without being Babylonian. He was rude, and his view, coming from a Professor of mining, was not academic. On the contrary, it was based upon intimate knowledge of the artifices of deft magicians who adroitly extract monies from unwary pockets, ocularly demonstrate how every dollar is going to double itself while you wait—and then "forget it". Professor Haultain knew it, or he would not have said it, and another distinguished scientist, Dr. A. E. Barlow, would not commit the indiscretion of telling his fellows of the Canadian Mining Institute in annual meeting, that "mining in Quebec is absolutely impossible—out of the question," unless he, too, believed it. As one of the ablest field geologists in the Dominion, a strenuous student now engaged in lecturing at McGill, Dr. Barlow emphasized another phase, equally discouraging. It is singular that what he and Professor Haultain said attracted no comment.

Whether this indifference be attributable to excess of charlatanry, or is rather symbolical of the unorganized state of sentiment which dismisses abuses as matters of course, it is very evident Prof. Haultain and Dr. Barlow would not be so vehement if they did not think something must be done. Where there is putridity the sanitary authorities are at fault. Political and economic obliquities also are within the executive and police powers of responsible ministers. In Ontario, Professor Haultain denounced evils altogether too prevalent to admit of their further toleration. At Quebec, Dr. Barlow inveighed against the system by which the advent of capital has been discouraged by demoralizing faviritism and the uncertainty about the ability of discoverers to obtain their rights. Together the indictment is too serious to be dismissed on technicalities, and it should go to trial now that the provincial parliaments are in session.

Compulsory sobriety, industrial and political inebriety, bonuses, and penalties, insincerity and compoundings of law suits, in the past and no less so in the present, have given Ontario a period of comparatively successful exploitation. The Province leads in mineral production and is unctuously advancing social and educational reforms; but its inequitable policies, whereby some sections are bolstered and other sections belabored, are calculated to add to grievances voiced by Professor Haultain to a much greater extent than the fatuous programme in force in the sister province, whereby the demands for diversity are vetoed, made "impossible", as Dr. Barlow asserts. Perhaps more is expected of Ontario than can be looked for from Quebec under existing circumstances, notwithstanding there are indications that outside capitalists are not going to be deterred by domestic reactionaries in the latter province.

* * *

Ontario's progression in point of revenue carries with it, however, more than the ministry have recognized until recently, and when such men as Prof. Haultain, in close touch and sympathy with the provincial government register vigorous protests against what is easily remediable, the sooner the regrettable and disreputable features are eliminated the better it will be for the commonweal. To dally with those who have brought provincial affairs into discredit is to promote distemper.

Had there been clearer conception of the true relationship of government toward a people, were it manifest that the public welfare is more important than the temporary advantage due to defective titles, greater stress might be laid upon the utterances of Premier Whitney when, during the debate on the budget he felt it incumbent upon himself to declare:

"I want to say that the gentlemen associated with the Cobalt Lake Syndicate are the commonest of ordinary swindlers, and when I hear that one is 3000 miles away, I am not at all surprised."

Confessedly all around there has been swindling—not alone in the Cobalt Lake transaction in which there was more zeal for profit than there was discretion. Unfortunately, as Professor Haultain pointed out, all the culprits are not "3000 miles away," and there has been an impression that the Government was keener about revenue increments than about the safety of those who lent too willing ear to the blandishments of "swindlers". Cobalt Lake was an incident. The La Rose episode was another. The cession of a portion of the Gillies Limit to the Nipissing Co. has never been satisfactorily explained. Compromises and complex royalties, taxes on profits of metal mines and constructions by which petroleum is exempt and bonused; these have fostered graver abuses. That the Provincial Exchequer is no stronger than it is, evidences the futility of opportunism directed at one class of industries for the benefit of others, and subversive of the whole economic structure.

Official dishonesty is not alleged. Culpability for participating in speculative aspects has weakened the Government's position, and there is the more need of corrective legislation that will effectually terminate all this. The suppression of "blind pigs"—still flourishing where a drink never can be outlawed—is not an offset against unlicensed vices in so many other directions.

* * *

Irregularities in locating claims, default in not giving prompt definition to discoveries, are infinitely more important than the acquisition of 15 per cent. from the Temiskaming and Hudson's Bay Co., owing to a defect in the title, or a settlement with "Big Pete" on a royalty basis.

No doubt the motive suggesting "a good compromise" in preference to "a bad law suit" is meritorious. On the other hand the reservation of lakes and rivers, absorptions here and levies there, are involved in discussion. Where locations are irregular there was a chance for the assertion of a principle of law. Instead of that the defect has been glossed over. The blame does not rest with the bureau chief or the subordinate. Whatever leaks there were, there have been very few laxities in the Civil Service; but this emphasizes the impolicy of "Orders in Council", and traffic in townsites and titles, when greater solicitude about transport facilities and the *bona fides* of Northern Ontario areas were more in order, to exempt the territory from "wild catters" who take it for granted that higher officials were and are somewhat predisposed toward indiscriminate operations productive of license and recording fees, if not of actual mining.

Stability could have been bestowed by the exercise of firmer government control, a control that now enters more into the preservation of the timbers in the Temagami Forest Reserve than to the provision of stricter censorship over flotations. To sanction the occupation of mineralized areas in that reserve and forbid those who have "found a series of Cobalts" from taking timber for cabins or mine purposes in mid-winter, and at the same time to practically confiscate claims subsequently decided on for townsites, is indefensible, to say the least. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in the reserve, yet there has not been an official pronouncement whether the section is "fish, flesh, fowl or good red herring". Miles of claims are on offer without a statement that transportation facilities will or will not be provided. No wonder there is resort to desperate expedient to interest capital. With premiums for perjury the situation calls for a construction policy distinct from tax-gathering.

PROSPECTOR.

Little Champlain Street, with its Break Neck Stairs, Quebec, Canada.

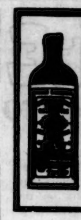
A MAN recently married off his fourth daughter, the ceremonies touching whose wedding were given much attention by the "society editors" of the country papers in the region.

A week or two after the wedding a friend who had been north for some time met the father, to whom he made some jocular references in regard to the recent "event." "I see by one paper," said he, "that Mary's wedding 'well nigh beggared description.'"

"Well," said the old man, "I don't know about that, but I *do* know it well nigh beggared *me!*"

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "yoh feels it yoh duty to tell a friend de truth. But de chances are you'll be so disagreeable 'bout it dat he'll git mad an' lose all de benefit."—Washington Star.

"A case of love at first sight, eh?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."—Boston Transcript.



NATURAL LAXATIVE
Hunyadi János
MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

You are invited to inspect our goods.

REGAN & McCONKEY
TAILORS

Our London and Paris importations are now open for your inspection.

42 EAST KING STREET
Opposite King Edward Hotel

HOLBROOK'S

Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.

SAUCE

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

A DUSTLESS HOME
BY
ACME VACUUM SYSTEM

Have you not often wished after a thorough House Cleaning, your home might be kept in like condition all the time? This is now made possible by the use of the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner.

The best proof you can have of the thorough manner in which the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner will remove the dirt and dust from your home is with your own eyes, and we would be pleased to show it in actual operation in your own home.

For full particulars and prices address the VACUUM CLEANER DEPARTMENT.

CANADIAN PNEUMATIC TOOL CO., LIMITED
Manufacturers
Canadian Branch Chicago Pneumatic Toc Company
66 McGill Street - - - MONTREAL
GEORGE J. SHEPPARD, Manager.

J. Simon
59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Crème SIMON
POUDRE ◆ SAVON
Unrivalled for the preservation of the Skin

From all Chemists and Perfumers

ON THE WAVE of POPULARITY.
THE COFFEE ANYBODY CAN MAKE.
SYMINGTON'S

NO BALL-ROOM
can beat Meyer's at Sunnyside. Telephone Park 905 to get open dates for your At-Homes, Receptions, Progressives, etc.
P. V. MEYER

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle
a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and
The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited
TORONTO

Wife and Children Left Penniless
Safeguard them against this terrifying contingency with our Life Rate Endowment.
Same rate as ordinary pay-till-death policy, with this difference—after you reach a certain age policy can be cashed for full death-claim value. Booklet if interested.
London Life
POLICIES
GOOD AS GOLD

Remember.
Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of
Calvert's
Carbolic Tooth Powder.
15 cts., at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & CO., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

Lace Curtains, Chair and Sofa Covers, and Household Draperies
Done up like new
by
The Yorkville Laundry
47 Elm Street.

NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1909.

LOCAL interest this week has been divided between two celebrities who happen to be with us—Mr. James J. Jeffries, ex-champion heavyweight of the world, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, ex-champion president of the U.S. Mr. Jeffries, or "Jeff," as he was familiarly known before he joined the acting profession, is doing a "sketch" and a punch or two at one of the vaudeville theatres. This fact of itself, however, would not account for the extraordinary interest that is being taken in his presence here. The real explanation of this is of course the prospect—a prospect to which his judicious press representative gives the right note of credence—that the ex-pugilist will re-enter the fighting lists and wrest the championship from one Johnson. The prospect of a real championship fight, the first in several years, following the very notable revival of interest in boxing generally this winter, has thoroughly sharpened the sporting appetite. To lend further color to the prospect, the old champion, we are told, is already in actual training, and may be seen any morning taking a run of a mile or two on the outskirts of the city. But while it is still problematical that he can get into the condition necessary for such an encounter, there is nothing at all problematical about the effect of all this on the box office receipts of Lincoln Square theatre.

Mr. Roosevelt, in the capacity of editor and private citizen, seems to be good for as much space as he ever was in the presidential chair. Since he has come on the "job," not a detail of his daily trip from Oyster Bay to his office is overlooked. Dressed in ordinary clothes, he rides in an ordinary chair car to Long Island City, crosses the river in an ordinary ferry boat, jostles his way into an ordinary crowded car, and hangs on a strap quite in the accepted manner of an ordinary citizen. All this and more we are told daily. If he travels without an umbrella, we know it. If it storms on the way across the river, we know from which quarter he exposed himself to it. To you reserved Canadians all this may sound very foolish, but the superior sociability of the average American is proved by his unfailing interest in just such little every-day trifling happenings.

The actual transition to his editorial duties was accomplished with every possible appreciation of his former high office. Dr. Lyman Abbott, writer-in-chief, called for him and drove him to The Outlook offices in his own motor car. There he was at once introduced to his associates, and established in a private editorial suite of rooms, the outer door of which had been neatly lettered "Offices of Theodore Roosevelt." These formalities over, he was entertained at luncheon by Dr. Abbott and other magazine editors at the Nat'onal Arts Club.

* * *

THE Ottawa-Wanderers hockey games on St. Nicholas Rink in this city have proved a revelation to New York hockeyists, all of whom quite frankly admit that the much-vaunted international championship was won from comparatively minor exponents of the great Canadian game. The first half of Friday night's game was all Ottawa, the Wanderers somehow failing to get together for anything like effective team work. In the second half, however, conditions were entirely reversed, and Montreal's representatives played a brilliant game from start to finish. Unfortunately they could not overcome their opponents' big lead, and the first game closed 6-4 in favor of the Capitals. On Saturday night both teams went in to win, and for a time New York saw the fastest, most scientific and most strenuous hockey ever played on this side. The final stages of the game were, however, marred by roughness, Ottawas being the chief offenders. At one time, in fact, half the Capitals were off the ice. In spite of this overwhelming handicap, the night's game closed in a tie, leaving Ottawas the winner by the same margin as the night before. The excitement at times was terrific, the big audiences impartially cheering the brilliant work of both sides. The Wanderers have lost, but in spite of their defeats, there are many who still think them the better aggregation of players. Perhaps it is because they are individually so brilliant that they ignore combination. Ottawa has brilliant players too, but their team work was conspicuously better than that of the Wanderers, although the latter were able to "smash" the combination time after time.

* * *

THE new charter for New York City, now before the legislature, and a new excise bill are the items of chief political interest at this moment. The former represents several years of assiduous labor on the part of a commission selected for the purpose of reconstructing the rather patched and altogether unworkable city charter, which is more or less a survival of New York's village green days.

The proposed new excise law is primarily aimed at Raine's law "hotels." These hotels, so called, are the result of an excise law passed in 1896, which permits the Sunday sale of liquor in hotels and clubs. In order to qualify large numbers of saloons took out hotel licenses and in many cases these have become disorderly houses. Furthermore, saloons that did not qualify have nevertheless kept more or less continuously open on Sundays under a system of "protection" furnished by various officers whom it has been the custom to pay not to enforce the law. The new law proposes to remedy all this by issuing a special license for the Sunday sale of liquor, between the hours of 1 and 11 p.m. To lessen saloon hotels, it is proposed under the new law that hotels to qualify as such must contain 25 bedrooms, at least, with dining room and kitchen of corresponding size.

Controversy will no doubt be waged over the clause providing for the opening of bars on Sunday and it is a foregone conclusion that it will be extremely difficult to persuade temperance reformers of the wisdom of such a step. Here, as everywhere, the effort to make the conduct and habits of one part of the community conform to the standards of the other is invariably fraught with grave difficulty.

* * *

THE "suffragettes" are still with us, their activities breaking out constantly in new and unexpected quarters. Following a recent illustrious example set by that eloquent leader of another forlorn hope, a little band descended on the night toilers—and night sleepers—in and about City Hall Square the other morning at 2.30 o'clock, braving the elements of a March night, to plead the justness of their cause. In view of the disastrous consequences to Mr. Bryan's fortunes, from that other pre-dawn meeting, the suffragettes would seem to have pushed their bravery to recklessness. Many, as you may or may not know, trace Bryan's adverse majority in Manhattan to that now historic invasion of City Hall Square. Instead of being charmed by his eloquence, the night benchers are said to have resented the intrusion on their sleeping presences and voted against the intruder to a man.

However that may be, it is an impressive hour for discourse. The wheels of traffic had for the time ceased to rumble and grind. Across the bridge, Brooklyn slumbered peacefully. It was like the former night before Christmas, when all through the house not a creature was stirring, when a slow plodding team drew a covered waggon along the Park Row side of the Square. Chinese lanterns hanging inside disclosed the forms of several women and two men—Knights of the Cause in more senses than one. Display signs announced that "Women Vote in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, why not in New York State?" Mrs. Bormann Wells, who was the principal speaker, devoted most of her time and energy to smiting Dr. Parkhurst, who, it seems, had written an article on women that did not meet the approval of the "suffragettes." "Satan rebuking sin," was the verbal hook she finally landed on the reverend gentleman's jaw.

* * *

THIS week the "suffragettes" will argue their cause from the dramatic stage in a piece written by Elizabeth Robbins, entitled "Votes for Women." This play had a quite successful run in London some time ago, with Miss Matthewson, who I believe as a convinced suffragist (if not I know her husband, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy is), playing the leading part. In the present production Miss Mary Shaw assumes this role and will no doubt prove a worthy champion of the great cause. The play, although, as its title indicates, dealing primarily with the suffrage question, discusses the relation of the sexes generally.

The London Spectator has this to say concerning journalistic independence: Not only do we believe that newspapers would have much more influence were they more independent, but we also believe that they would actually do better from a business point of view. We are sure that it is a delusion to suppose that the public likes a slavish paper, i. e., a paper always terrified that it may offend its readers if it speaks its real mind. They prefer one which is independent, though, no doubt, they do not like to see their pet theories handled too roughly. Yet even here they will stand a great deal of opposition to their own views if they know that the newspaper is acting sincerely and from what it believes to be patriotic reasons, and not merely speaking from a party brief or inspired by some trivial or unworthy motive.

The Convention on Closer Union has decided that the South African Federal Parliament shall meet in Capetown but that Pretoria shall be made the administrative capital and Bloemfontein the centre for the judiciary.

That Japan really understands China less than the Western nations do, and is injuring herself by her failure to study real conditions in China, and at the same time is doing injustice to the Chinese, is the startling admission made by Count Okuma (a leading statesman of the Opposition party) in the Tokyo monthly, Taiyo (The Sun). By this failure, he adds, they have alienated the sympathy of the Celestials, and the practical result has been that they have crippled their own trade with this vast and rich empire.

Many are called, but few get up.

Revenge is sweet to the sour.

Man's virtue rests on temperament; a woman's solidly on soul.

To keep friends, treat them kindly; to kill them, treat them often.

The end of one's ambition becomes merely the means to a greater effort.

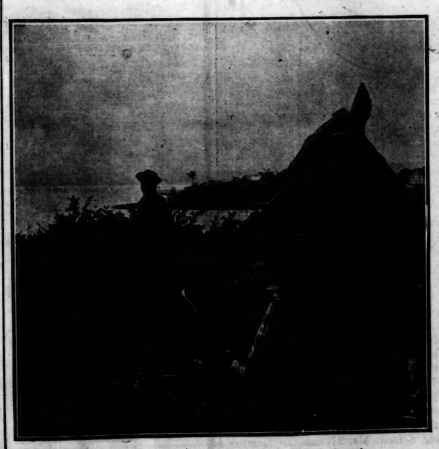
Money is a real tragedy! Give it and you make paupers; lend it and you create enemies; hoard it and you imperil your soul.—Peter Pry Shevlin in Lippincott's.

Husband—Our little boy is sick, doctor, so please come at once.

Physician—I can't get over much under an hour.

Husband—Oh, do, doctor. You see, my wife has a book on "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get there!—Harper's Weekly.

If English sparrows' wings were worth $100 each, no woman's hat would be complete without a pair.—Life.



Indian Basket Weaving, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

Apollinaris
"The Queen of Table Waters"

Tudhope-McIntyre Motor Carriage $550 Complete with solid rubber tires, horn, wheel steer and 3 lamps.
This $550 "Tudhope-McIntyre" is just what most men have always wanted—a Motor Carriage that will make 25 miles an hour if necessary—that is practically trouble-proof—and is far cheaper than a horse and carriage.
There are no tire-troubles with Model H H. Tires are solid rubber—can't puncture—rocks, ice, etc. have no terrors for them. With these tires, high wheels and the 12 horse power motor, this carriage will go anywhere that a horse can. Fitted with Chapman's Double Ball Bearing Axles, that Run a year with one oiling.
For down-right economy, Tudhope-McIntyre Model H H is a wonder. Hundreds of road tests have proven that this $550 Motor Carriage will run 30 miles on one gallon of Gasoline. 15 models from $550 to $1000.
Dealers, and Others
who can handle a reasonable number of these cars, should write us at once for terms and territory. 1
THE TUDHOPE-McINTYRE CO., WRITE DEPT T ORILLIA, ONT.

DEWAR'S
"Special Liqueur"
Stands in a class by itself!

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER
Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 Per Cent.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER LIMITED
BELFAST, IRELAND,
REGENT STREET AND CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ALSO LIVERPOOL.
Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers
To HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public direct with every description of
HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World
Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.
IRISH LINEN Linen Sheeting, two yards wide, 42c. per yard; 2½ yards Wide, 57c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 9c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 75c. per doz. Glass Cloths, $1.12 per doz. Linen Diaper, 23c. yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 10c. per yard.
IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, $4c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.64 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c. 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.89 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckabuck Towels, $1.12 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)
MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $8.52 per half-doz. (To measure 42c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-doz.
IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. Children's, from 30c. per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', from 66c. to $8.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 96c. to $4.09 per doz.
IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's 4-fold, all newest shapes from $1.[illegible] per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.66 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.
IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 56c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, $1.06; India or Colonial Outfits, $52.68; Bridal Trousseaux, $32.04; Infants' Layettes, $15.00. (Send for list.)
N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed
Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 40 Z, Donegall Place, Belfast, Ireland
Note—Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.
DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Established 1791. "The test of time."
Horrockses'
Longcloths, Sheetings and Flannelettes
ARE THE VERY BEST
the "Old Country" can produce.
See the Stamp "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
OBTAINABLE from the leading stores in the Dominion
"HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER AND LONDON."

Thoroughness
IN
Optical Work

The thoroughness of our Optician's methods of examining your Eyes and the accuracy with which "Ryrie" glasses are ground, will appeal to particular people who appreciate good eyesight.

RYRIE BROS.
Limited
134-138 Yonge St.
TORONTO

In Connection With

our showing of wall papers this season we have imported a large and beautiful range of drapery materials of unusual weaves and designs which we are offering at very moderate prices. The advantage of having hangings and furniture coverings which harmonize in every way with the walls will appeal to many who have found difficulty in this direction.

ELLIOTT & SON, LIMITED
79 King St. W. - TORONTO

William Unser
(Late of 404 Spadina Ave.)
CANDY, CAKES AND ICE CREAM
499 Bloor Street West
(Near Brunswick Ave.)
PHONE COLLEGE 336

GOUNOD'S "REDEMPTION"
Toronto Festival Chorus and Orchestra.
Conductor, Dr. F. H. Torrington.
Good Friday Night - Massey Hall
Subscribers may send names to the Conductor, 12 Pembroke street.

WHEELDON
SATURDAY TWILIGHT
ORGAN RECITALS
4 P.M.
METROPOLITAN CHURCH
SILVER COLLECTION

PHONE
W.H. STONE CO.
UNDERTAKERS
32 CARLTON ST.
N. 2788

PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION
H. M. Fletcher, Conductor.
MME. JOMELLI, Prima Donna Soprano, New York.
LISSANT BEARDMORE, Tenor, Toronto.
MASSEY HALL, March 22rd, 1909.
Plans opens to public Saturday morning.
Prices $1.00, 75c., 50c., 25c.

CHARM
—more potent than beauty—is the summation of small attractions. The charming woman appreciates the importance of good taste in the selection of her perfume.

Kerkoff's Djer-Kiss
(Pronounced Dear Kiss)
is a refined, fascinating perfume, dainty and concentrated.
Violette Kerkoff—the final success — natural fragrance of freshly cut violets. Kerkoff's Sachet, Face Powder, Toilet Water and Toilet Soap in either Violet or Djer-Kiss odor.
For sale everywhere.
KERKOFF, Paris, France
ALFRED H. SMITH CO., Sole Agents, New York.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. ALEC. IRELAND gave a young people's dinner and dance at the Hunt Club on Tuesday night. The guests rendezvoused at Mrs. Ireland's residence, Bloor and Church, and went by coach with four white horses to the Club where a most delightful evening was spent. The table was set for twenty and decorated with pink and white tulips, in the Hunt Club silver cups the effect being quite springlike and pretty. An exceedingly nice menu was served and a jolly dance enjoyed later on. The guests were the Misses Hagarty, the Misses Brough, Miss Jarvis, Miss Adele Harman, Miss Frou Lemesurier, Miss Hilda Cayley, Mrs. and Miss Ireland, Mr. Harry Grubbe, Mr. M. Taylor, Mr. Stuart Greer, Mr. Arthur Houston, Mr. L. Parton, Mr. H. Walker, Mr. Gerald Bogert, Mr. H. Baldwin, Mr. Delamere Magee and Mr. G. McLaren.

The lecture on a "Nurse's Experience in the Boer War," which was given in St. Luke's school house on Tuesday evening by Lady Dorothy Smyly, drew a capacity audience, which was quick to respond to the charm of the little lady, who was so full of information, anecdote and general first hand impressions of that war in which we all had the keenest interest, because of the numbers of Canadians and fellow citizens who were actively engaged in it. Lady Dorothy was not much in the eye of the audience as her lecture was an illustrated one and the hall was darkened to show the slides which were unusually good. She wore her grey and red nurse's uniform and the quaint coif shown in the picture we reproduce in this column. Her clear cultured voice, modest and convincing manner and really clever and lucid account of many events, including the relief of Mafeking, were attractions which combined to give her hearers an hour of real interest and enjoyment. Lady Dorothy began with a naive account of her departure in company with three other young nurses and their matron from Waterloo Station, where just before the train left, Queen Victoria came to bid them good-bye and God-speed. "I am glad to see" said the venerable Queen, "that there are nurses courageous enough to go out and care for my poor boys"—such little personal touches with plenty of humor and pathos abounded in the lecture. Some lovely flowers were sent to Lady Dorothy, one huge boquet of violets tied with red, white and blue, from "a patient who was with you at Bloomfontein," and many of the audience greeted her stories and sallies with shouts of glee which came from personal knowledge of their absolute veracity.

SISTER DOROTHY.

Mrs. W. H. Pearson gave a small bridge on St. Patrick's Day.

Mrs. Harry Totten left for England last week. Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee left for England last week. Miss Helen Davidson and Miss Heron have gone to England. Mr. and Mrs. Logan have gone to Atlantic City.

Miss Cornelia Heintzman, assisted by Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor, will give a piano recital on Monday evening at the Conservatory of Music. Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman and Miss Heintzman are going abroad shortly.

Mrs. Crawford's tea for girls, friends of her young daughter Edna, was a bright event of last Friday. Miss Edna wore a pretty pink mousseline over taffeta, and the table in the diningroom was done with lovely pink roses. The young folks very much enjoyed the tea, which was given in the Speaker's chambers.

Colonel Taylor, R.M.C., Kingston, was in town this week. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy was in town at midweek.

Mr. John F. Scholes announces the engagement of his daughter Shirley Emily to Mr. James Whitney Wilson, son of Colonel and Mrs. Wilson, of Geneva, N.Y. The marriage will take place in Easter week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Welch announce the engagement of their only daughter, Luta Alberta, to Mr. John Melville Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Wilson, of this city. The marriage will take place in April.

Mrs. W. G. A. Lambe has left for a trip to the Atlantic coast, and will not receive again this season.

Major C. S. Douglas, of Vancouver was entertained at luncheon on St. Patrick's day by Mayor Oliver at the National Club.

The marriage of Miss Leila Ada Aull, eldest daughter of the late Rev. J. M. Aull, of Palmerston, and Mrs. Aull, of 81 Crescent road, Toronto, to Mr. George Clark, B.A., C.E., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Clark, of Campbellford, was solemnized at the home of the bride's mother on Tuesday, the 16th inst., at 3 o'clock, the officiating clergyman being Rev. Dr. Neil of Westminster Church, and Rev. Mr. Edmison. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Anna Aull and Mr. Archibald Foulds, jr., was best man. The wedding march was played by Miss May Burt, of Listowel, and during the signing of the register Miss Gertrude Lowry sang "Beloved it is morn." After the dejeuner was served, Mr. and Mrs. Clark left on the 6.10 train for Florida, via New York.

One of the numerous bridges and teas which were held in celebration of "Mi-careme" and St. Patrick's Day, was given by Mrs. A. McLean Macdonell at her home in Prince Arthur avenue. The ladies enjoyed a very pleasant game and a few tea guests augmented their numbers about five o'clock.

Mrs. H. G. Kelly, Chicora avenue, gave a pleasant tea on Friday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly are now occupying Mrs. Jim Foy's home, Mrs. Kelly having recently returned from a visit to her girlhood home in Texas and their own home having been rented for a year. The color tone of Friday's tea was yellow, daffodils being used in decoration, and the candles shaded in yellow, the hostesses wore a maize satin Directoire gown and Mrs. R. Gay, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Leslie Wilson and the Misses Matthews assisted in the tea room. Mr. Kelly is associated with Mr. C. W. Matthews in business.

Mrs. Nordheimer entertained at tea at Glenedyth yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Stuart Grafton, of Lowther avenue, gave a very pleasant bridge and tea on Wednesday in honor of Miss Scott, of Quebec, who is the guest of Mrs. Roberts and Miss Brydon, of Barry, her own visitor.

Miss Mollie Plummer, of Sylvan Tower, is spending a week with Mrs. John Plummer, of Barrie.

Mrs. D. D. Mann returned on Saturday from a short visit to friends in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Campbell, of Carbrook, are going to Rio de Janeiro, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Mackenzie. Mrs. Mackenzie was nee Blake, and married a few months ago, going to the south with her husband who is general manager of the Sao Paulo.

Among the items about sports in the St. John's, Nfd., Evening Chronicle, lately, was a report of a curling match between four ladies: Miss Prowse, Mrs. Duder, Mrs. R. G. Reid and Mrs. J. Harvey, skip, and four gentlemen: Messrs. A. Donnelly, R. B. Job, J. S. Munn, Hon. J. Harvey, skip. The ladies won by a score of 17 to 10, and the match was played "wi stanes" and not with curling tongs!

The Trinity lecture this afternoon will be delivered by Professor H. C. Simpson, B.A., Oxon, on English plays and playwrights.

Mr. Wheeldon gave a very beautiful programme at his recital last Saturday, including one of his own compositions, Reverie des Cloches, which introduced the chimes, of which those who gather on Saturday at four for these recitals never seem to tire. This afternoon an equally interesting programme is offered.

This evening there will be a Private View of Arts and Handicrafts at the Art Galleries, 594 Jarvis street, from eight to ten o'clock.

The Princess, the Alexandra and Sheas are all very good this week. It is wonderful what swarms of people turn out each night to take in turn melodrama, mystery and vaudeville.

Emma Eames' concert is an event all music lovers are anticipating, especially as Gorgoza is singing with the Diva on this occasion. March 29 is a date no one will forget.

The Speaker gave a large dinner on Tuesday evening in his apartments at the Parliament buildings. The banquet table was done in white and pink, with roses and carnations and delicate ferns.

Mrs. Wallace Jones has returned from a visit to friends in Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Laird, of Cluny avenue, have returned from a long trip west and south.

Mrs. Auden has been visiting Mrs. Taylor at the R. M. College, Kingston. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson have gone to the Coast. Mr. and Mrs. T. Walmsley have gone to Florida.

Mr. Harry Temple who has been for a fortnight in Grace Hospital, is now much better.

The portrait of Miss Winnifred Tait, only child of the Government Commissioner of Railways in Australia, Mr. Thomas Tait, which appears in this column, is one of the latest of that young lady. Miss Tait is a native of Toronto, and a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn. She will, I believe, make her debut next season. Owing to her father's prominent position in Australia, she has already tasted many of the pleasures of society, where her wit, grace, and *savoir faire* make her always a welcome guest. She is a fine horsewoman, a perfect dancer, and very fond of outdoor life and sports, besides showing artistic talent and facility in languages.

MISS WINNIFRED TAIT.

Mrs. Thomas G. Stegman, of Chatham, is visiting Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, of Maplecroft, Sherbourne St.

A great many Torontonians are at St. Augustine, Florida. I hear the number much exceeds that of previous years, and the weather of the past month is ample cause for the southern migration.

Lady Dorothy Smyly gave an informal little dance at her home in St. Vincent street on St. Patrick's night. The house was prettily decorated, and the young folks enjoyed it very much. Some of the guests were Mrs. Sampson, Mr. and Miss Taylor, Mr. Winans, Mr. Stanley Morse, the Misses and Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Cameron Wilson, Miss Edith Snelgrove, Miss Irene Doolittle, Miss Gladys Parry, Winfield Sifton, Mr. Hyman, of London, and several others.

BUTTONS
covered in flat, oval bone rim and combination styles in satin, linen, tapestry, silk or any material you wish to send.

PLEATING
for fancy ruches, skirt ruffings, blouse trimmings, sunburst underskirts.

TUCKING
Net and chiffon tucked for blouses in any size tuck and space required.

SKIRTS
Pleated and tailored in the latest approved styles.

A. T. REID CO., Limited
266 KING STREET WEST
Tel Main 3563. BRANCH OFFICE: 119 Yonge St.
TORONTO
MONTREAL: 216 Birks Building

Spring Flowers Designs Decorations
Dunlop's 96 YONGE ST.
TORONTO
We deliver and guarantee safe arrival anywhere on the Continent.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

Cowan's "Perfection" Cocoa
For "Chocolate Pudding"—for "Homemade Fudge"—for Ice Cream, etc.,—use Cowan's Perfection Cocoa. Delicious in flavor, nutritious, economical.
THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO. 79

LADIES
At Dorenwend's
You will be pleased with the variety of New Modes in Coiffeurs that are shown. Psyche Knots, Puffs, etc., London, Paris, Berlin and New York Fashions.
POMPADOURS, TRANSFORMATIONS, Curls, Braids, Wavy Switches, etc. Call at our store, have your hair dressed, and we will show you these goods. Marcel Waving, Face Massage, Manicuring, Hair Dressing, etc.
Appointments promptly executed
Phone Main 1551
Dr. Blanchard, Surgeon Chiropodist, always in attendance.
THE DORENWEND CO. OF TORONTO, Limited
103-105 Yonge Street

FOR EASTER—THE DAY OF FLOWERS
We may be relied on for the best in Roses, Orchids, Violets, and an elegant selection of Flowering Plants and Ferns.
Orders by mail receive same careful attention as though selected in person.
Dillemuth FLORIST
123 King Street West
438 Spadina Avenue
Phone Main 3189 Phone College 253

A large import of those fine old English Woollens just received for long Coats. Just the thing for between Seasons and travelling.
"Man Tailored to Perfection"
G. L. MacKAY
101 Yonge St. Main 3256

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In a volume entitled "Some New Literary Valuations," Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson indulges in tartly and rather keen criticism of the work of William Dean Howells, Richard Clarence Stedman, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, John Morley, and others. He thinks Mr. Howells is a "great writer" who would be a better if he wrote less and wrote more carefully. As to Arnold, the criticism is advanced that as a critic he is too "magisterial"; and that as a poet he appeals to too small a circle of whose applause he is pretty sure. Tennyson is called "the greatest artist in lyric verse that thus far has ever appeared in the world."

* * *

Mr. Gilbert Parker is by nature a patient worker. In fact, he is considered by some Canadians—those who ungraciously refuse to accord him honor even after he has won it from outside of his own country—to be a genius only in the matter of plodding. But let that pass. Patience is a good thing; it hath its reward. Sir Gilbert's latest novel, "The Weaver," appeared in 1907, and we are told that we must wait until 1911 for the novel upon which he is now working. It is to be trusted that the reading public will in the interval cultivate the virtue which constitutes the distinguished author's chief literary asset.

* * *

The first edition of old Izaack Walton's "Compleat Angler," published in London in 1653, brought $3,900 at a recent sale in New York. The opening bid was $2,000. The second edition of this famous work, which was published two years later, and which is said to be more rare than the first, was sold for $780.

* * *

Caran d'Ache, the eminent Paris cartoonist, whose portrait appears on this page, occupied a position in France somewhat similar to that of the veteran Punch cartoonist, Sir John Tenniel, in England. His real name was Emmanuel Poire. When he began to make caricatures he was in the French army, and soldiers were forbidden to make contributions to the press. So he took a *nom de plume*, and being of partly Russian nationality he chose the name "Caran d'Ache," which in Russian means lead pencil. It was his belief that a cartoon ought invariably to tell its own story without any word of explanation or "caption." And he it was who originated the method of telling a funny story by means of a series of pictures, with as little text as possible. It has been said that he borrowed the idea from Wilhelm Busch, a German cartoonist; but, at all events, Caran d'Ache made the method famous. And his exploitations of it set American newspaper artists going along that line, with the result that the comic supplement, concerning the merits and demerits of which there has recently been much discussion, was evolved.

Caran d'Ache of course did political and social satirical cartoons as well as those of comedy in the abstract. In this connection it is interesting to note, in running over appreciations of his work in the daily press of the world, that while a New York paper thinks "the Parisian caricaturist can be gay without falling into the 'brutalities' of the British artist," The

CARAN D'ACHE
The foremost of Paris cartoonists, whose death removes "the father of the comic supplement." His real name was Emmanuel Poire. He was partly of Russian nationality, and his nom de plume, "Caran d' Ache," means in Russian lead pencil.

London Times says: "It is curious that in this respect we should, in the last hundred years, have changed places with the French. They were revolted by the English caricature of a century ago, just as we are apt to be revolted by their caricature of to-day—though never by the kindly, boisterous art of Caran d'Ache, whose death we regret to record." The Times is of the opinion that English political cartoonists have "put on kid gloves" and that they have forsaken brutality to go to the opposite extreme. "We," says The Thunderer, referring to English art and literature, "have lost the art of satire, whether written or in pictures."

* * *

A. M. Scott, in his recent volume, "Through Finland," seeks to disabuse the mind of the average reader in his belief that Finland is a snowy waste, the very name of which smacks of the North Pole. He continues: "Physically Finland resembles the great Northwest Territory of Canada. It is a land of lakes, rivers and forests, and in both countries civilization is brought into close contact with the wild." The wording of Mr. Smith's reference to Northwestern Canada scarcely indicates that his knowledge of the country is extensive. But he seems to have got the idea that it isn't a bad sort of place.

* * *

To a large class of discriminating readers there is nothing more delightful than a really good volume of personal reminiscences. And of late a number of ladies of leisure in the Old Country have made excellent contributions to this class of literature. The most recent of such volumes are the work of two of the daughters of Robert Chambers, the famous Edinburgh publisher. One of them, Lady Priestley, has written a book in which we find familiar references to celebrities such as De Quincy, Wilkie Collins, and Professor Aytoun. It is published by the Scribners. The other volume is by Mrs. R. C. Lehmann, whose name does not appear as author, the book being published by her son. It is called "Memories of Half a Century: a Record of Friendships." Both these works throw new and interesting light on the literary and social life of Edinburgh.

* * *

It is said that Tolstoy's home life is very happy, despite the fact his wife does not share his views concerning religion and sociology. The Countess is sixteen years younger than her husband, but, although the mother of thirteen children, still retains what appears to be an unfading beauty. She herself has written three novels, and is an accomplished artist and musician. At one time she had the utmost difficulty in preventing the Count from giving away all his property. "He wished to distribute all his worldly goods to the poor," she says. "It was I, I alone, who prevented it. Heavens! what a struggle I had! But, God be praised, I triumphed. From that day to this I, and I alone, manage the Count's affairs; everything is done by me—is in my own hands."

* * *

The record of Charles Darwin's family furnishes an example of disproof of the commonly accepted belief that great men's sons do not amount to anything. Four of Darwin's sons are men of note. Sir George Howard Darwin, K.C.B., LL.D., D.Sc., is Plumian professor of astronomy and experimental philosophy at Cambridge University, and has made valuable discoveries in science. Dr. Francis Darwin is a distinguished botanist and foreign secretary of the Royal Society. He was his father's assistant, and wrote a biography of him. Major Leonard Darwin has to his credit distinguished service on several scientific expeditions and notable record as a member of the Intelligence Department of the British War Office. He has also written books on "Bimetallism" and "Municipal Trade." Mr. Horace Darwin is chairman of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, and has served in several public offices.

* * *

Mr. Arthur B. Talbot, a London solicitor, has performed a quite noteworthy literary feat. He has produced a new translation of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat." A comparison of Edward FitzGerald's fine poetic translation with literal translations of "The Rubaiyat" has caused some critics to form the rather startling belief that FitzGerald was a greater poet than Omar. And Mr. Talbot's work rather strengthens that belief. He knew as little about the Persian language as FitzGerald, but setting before him Heron Allen's faithful prose translation, he made a literal verse translation to the best of his ability; and it has been pronounced by far the most successful of similar efforts. The literal version is very flat in comparison to that of FitzGerald, with which we are all familiar.

Those, however, who jump to the conclusion that FitzGerald was a better poet than Omar because he made finer verse of "The Rubaiyat" than is made by translators aiming at mechanical literalism, are governed by rather superficial judgment. All writing loses much in translation, especially, of course, poetic writing. To translate poetry a poet is required. Naturally FitzGerald, being a poet, made a good, a finely sympathetic translation. Naturally the London solicitor makes a stodgy, uninspired one. These circumstances, it might be argued, seem rather to magnify the greatness of Omar than to diminish it.

* * *

The Copp, Clark Company announce for early publication a new kind of society novel by Edward W. Townsend, author of "Chimmie Fadden." It is called "The Climbing Courvatels." The volume is humorous, of course. It is illustrated in colors by J. N. McFall.

* * *

Sir John Tenniel, the greatest of Punch cartoonists, celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday recently, and is being overwhelmed by birthday congratulations which, as a rule, run pleasantly to reminiscences of his long and notable career. It is only eight years since Sir John's last cartoon appeared in Punch. He still takes a lively interest in public affairs, although his eyesight has failed him, and his health is fast failing him too. His has been a wonderful career.

* * *

Advising Suffragists to follow the constitutional methods of Mrs. Fawcett, George Meredith recently said: "I hold that in spite of much to be said in opposition, the exercise of the vote will gradually enlarge the scope of women's minds. Men who would confine them to the domestic circle are constantly complaining of their narrowness. Women have to contend with illogical creatures. The vote will come in time, and for a time there is likely to be a swamping of Liberalism and a strengthening of ecclesiastical pretensions that will pass with the enlargement of women's minds in a new atmosphere."

* * *

All those who ever gloated over the story of "King Solomon's Mines," and many others as well, will be interested to learn that Dr. Karl Peters, the German explorer, will, it's reported, shortly proceed to the Zambesi on a visit to his gold and copper mines in the Mudza Valley, near which he believes the land of Ophir to be situated. The principal object of his journey will be to inquire further into this theory. More than ten years have passed since Dr. Peters first set out to search for King Solomon's mines, which he sought to prove in a book published in 1897, must have been situated in the region of the Lower Zambesi. He believes that the mines worked by the Phœnicians were only "scratched," and that their development with modern appliances might yield immense results.

* * *

A new edition of Bourinot's "How Canada is Governed," is now in press. It is being revised and edited by Arnold W. Duclos, B.A., B.C.L., advocate, of the province of Quebec and one of the assistant editors of the Quebec Official Law Reports.

* * *

"The Biography of a Silver Fox," by Ernest Thompson Seton, will be issued by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto to-day.

HAL.

A Palace of Dress Goods

"SEE Naples and die," runs the proverb.

See the Dress Goods Department of the Robert Simpson Company and realize that a new era has dawned in Toronto.

You may go to the finest stores in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago. You may go to London and Paris and travel throughout Europe, but you will come home to Toronto with the old time conviction in your heart—"Simpson's for Dress Goods."

You cannot imagine what our new department is like from anything you have seen in this city. This store, always the Dress Goods leader, has excelled its past records by away and so far that it is difficult to express the new standard without a basis of understanding on the part of the reader which only a personal visit will give.

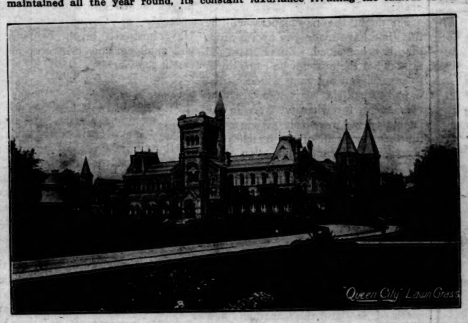
You are very welcome to come and inspect this magnificent stock at your leisure.

All the shades which other stores carry and many others which are rare and the more distinctive on that account can be had in all the variations of weave and weight here.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

"QUEEN CITY" LAWN GRASS SEED

There is nothing more charming than a well-designed house surrounded by a beautiful Lawn and grounds. We have made a formation of Lawns a study for years, and many of the finest Lawns and grass plots in Canada were obtained by using the "Queen City" Lawn Grass Seed, with which a perfect and permanent lawn may be established in a few weeks' time. This celebrated Lawn Grass is composed of a thoroughly balanced combination of various native and foreign fine-leaved, deep-rooting grasses of interweaving habit, that flourish in various conditions of soils and climates, growing during different seasons of the year, so that a deep green and velvety sward is maintained all the year round, its constant luxuriance rivalling the famous lawns of England.



The quantity required for making a handsome lawn is 80 to 100 lbs. per acre, or for renovating old lawns, 25 to 30 lbs. For a plot 20 x 20, or 400 square feet, one pound is required for new lawns or about half a pound for renovation. Per lb., 30c.; postpaid 35c.; 25 lb. lots, 28c. per lb.; postpaid, 33c. per lb. Special prices for large quantities on application.

FANCY WHITE DUTCH CLOVER

Most valuable for thickening up lawns when sown with Grass Seed. Per lb., 30c.; by mail, postpaid, 35c.

"QUEEN CITY" LAWN FERTILIZER

Especially prepared for use upon lawns, and contains all the constituents for promoting a quick, luxuriant growth and a rich green color. It is absolutely odorless, and so clean that it can be applied with no offence to the organs of sight or smell. It is quick in stimulating the grass roots to greater activity, thereby inducing a thick velvety surface upon the lawn. The common habit of applying coarse, stable manure upon lawns causes weeds to grow, and is very offensive both to sight and smell. Better and cleaner results are secured by using "Queen City" Lawn Fertilizer. When making a new lawn apply from 150 to 200 lbs. per acre, raking well into the soil. For improving the lawn, about 1 lb. for each 16 feet square. Apply when the grass is dry and if possible just before a shower. Price, 5 lbs., 50c.; 10 lbs., 75c.; 25 lbs., $1.25; 50 lbs., $2.00; 100 lbs., $3.50. By freight at purchaser's expense.

STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED

Phone Main 1982 — 130 and 132 King Street East

Booklovers Dollar Membership

If you are a book lover there are reasons why you should be a subscriber to The Booklovers Library.

Because you can read a new book every day if you wish for two months for less than the price of a single copy of a late novel.

Because if you are a book buyer it will enable you to estimate the value or merit of a new book by reading it before purchasing.

Because you can obtain all the latest books on day of publication, fresh clean copies that will be a pleasure to handle and give enjoyment in reading.

Because in addition to fiction you can secure books of general interest, Biography, Travel, Essays, etc. We purpose increasing this department to a large extent.

Because our terms are so reasonable that you cannot afford to delay sending your subscription.

Booklovers Dollar Membership

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER. ALL THE LATEST BOOKS
WHY PAY $1.10 OR MORE FOR THE LATEST NOVEL

ONLY ONE DOLLAR for registration. This pays also for the first two months' service. The expense thereafter is fifty cents a month. There are no fines or vexatious charges of any kind. Members may discontinue their membership at the end of any subscription month, and may exchange their books as often as they choose, daily, if they wish.

THE LATEST BOOKS

The Message—Tracy.
The King of Acadia—Lynde.
The Actress—Hale.
The Gorgeous Borgia—McCarthy.
Mad Barbara—Deeping.
The Web of the Golden Spider—Bartlett.
By Force of Circumstances—Holmes
David Bras—Roberts.
Anne of Green Gables—Montgomery
The Princess Zara—Beckman.

The Booklovers Library

EDWARD J. BOYD, Lessee.
472 St. Catherine St., Montreal — 66 King St. West, Toronto

Here is a stylish collar
One of our many new shapes—right in style and perfect in fit—known as the
RIALTO
Height, 2 inches at back and 2¼ inches in front.

Made in Quarter Sizes.
Ask your dealer to show you some of our new shapes—there is sure to be one that will just hit your idea of style. Castle Brand, 20c. each, 3 for 50c. Elk Brand, 2 for 25c.
Makers
Berlin.

C. J. TOWNSEND
CANADIAN and ENGLISH PICTURES
We will sell by Auction to the Highest Bidder
—on—
Saturday Afternoon
MARCH 27th
—at—
68 KING ST. EAST
A Valuable Collection of Paintings by the following prominent artists:
I. A. Fraser, W. E. Atkinson, C. J. Way, O. R. Jacobi, Verner, Stanley Clark, T. B. Hardy, A. DeBrecuski, J. Carlisle, Sir A. Cornithes Gould, Edwin Swan, Karl du Jardin, Turner, Warren Williams, Archibald Webb, Harry E. James, F. T. Aldridge, Arthur Gilbert, Ernest Walbourne and others.
Catalogues on application.
C. J. TOWNSEND,
Auctioneer

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA
As its original charter dates from 1854, the Home Bank may justly claim the stability that long establishment ensures.
SIX OFFICES IN TORONTO

LADIES' SPRING WEAR
You will soon be going over your clothes for spring wear. We can save you money by cleaning or dyeing many articles otherwise unfit to wear.
R. PARKER & CO.
Cleaners and Dyers - TORONTO
791 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. E.

THE NAME
COSGRAVE
SIGNIFIES
SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS
HALF-AND-HALF
Cosgrave Brewery Co.
NIAGARA ST. TORONTO
And of all License Holders.
Telephone—Park 140.

DOCTORS
find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.
HANSON'S DRUG STORE
44 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE
PURE AND DELICIOUS.
Made in a moment. No waste. No trouble. Of all Grocers.

Merchant—So you want a job as office boy, eh? Any previous experience? Boy—No, sir. I don't know how to do anything in an office—Merchant—I guess you won't do—Boy—I don't even know how to whistle. Merchant—Hang up your hat.—Catholic Standard and Times.

PROOF has once more been given that it was not the best man who won the Marathon race at the Olympic games. The wonderful little Italian, Dorando, has again proved himself to be Hayes' matser. Almost from the starter's gun to the end of the race the Italian led the American boy. In the seventeenth mile Dorando started a heart-breaking sprint which Hayes was unable to follow, and before half a mile had been run the foreigner had gained a lap. Again in the eighteenth, after he had taken a breathing spell, the Italian set out at a pace Hayes was unable to follow and annexed another lap Thenceforward to the finish Dorando merely jogged behind Hayes, winning the race by two laps in easy fashion. The little Italian may not be the greatest Marathon runner, but he certainly is the gamest. He has done twice as much running at the long distance as Longboat. He never misses an opportunity for a purse, whether the race be long or short, and no complaint ever comes from him that he is being worked too hard.

* * *

TALKING about distance feats, how about old Weston's latest undertaking. On last Monday he left New York on a 4,300-mile walk to San Francisco, in spite of the fact that he had just reached his seventy-first birthday. Dressed in a heavy dark blue jacket, blue trousers and leggings, and carrying a light walking stick, he was as lively as a boy at the start, and eager for the trip. The schedule Weston has mapped out will take him through Troy, Buffalo and Pittsburg, and he is due in Chicago Saturday, April 17. He expects to reach the Pacific coast July 8, walking a total distance of 4,300 miles.

* * *

LACROSSE authorities in the West are certainly in a difficult position. The C.A.A.U. has refused to allow amateur lacrosse teams to play with professionals under any circumstances, and, of course, the question of defending the Minto Cup immediately crops up. It does not seem reasonable to suppose that New Westminster will hand the cup over without first defending it, and by doing the latter the champions will become professionals, and the result that is likely to follow will be the introduction of open professional lacrosse in the far West.

* * *

REV. JOHN KERR, of Dirleton, who was captain of the team of Scottish curlers visiting Canada a few seasons ago, writes to Lieut-Col. A. A. Stevenson, the Montreal veteran:

No doubt the newspapers will by this time have made you aware of all that has happened. But I may add this: That the critics who came down so severely on my team which visited Canada some six years ago, are now very silent, for when we were in the Dominion we were able to win some fourteen per cent. of the matches we played, while our critics, "on their ain middenheid," with their picked rinks against the scratch Canadian team, have only been able to win two or three per cent.!

No doubt the Scots would have done better had the games been in the open instead of the covered rinks at Crossmyloof, where the conditions suited the Canadians, but even in several open games played in the north of Scotland the Canadians had the best of it. I am sure that Scottish curlers do not grudge their brethren their victories, but acknowledge their prowess readily, and admit that the Canadians can teach them much about the more scientific points of the game. Apart from mere statistics as to matches, the tour of the Canadians through Scotland has had a most beneficial effect, and will go far to make for ever inviolable the bond that unites the Dominion to the mother country.

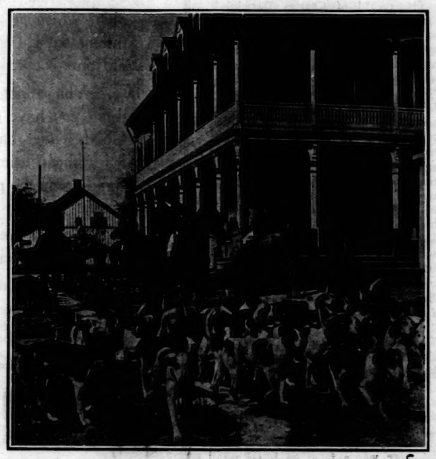
* * *

IT is good to know that Tom Longboat has given up his nonsense and is coming back to work. He has found out that the world of sport can nag merrily along without him, and the mortifying knowledge is already bearing fruit. Tom had better make hay while the sun shines. A man cannot run Marathons all his life, and even if he could people would get tired of seeing him do it after a while. Probably this thought has led Tom to sign for the full 26 miles 385 yards in a five-corner run with Shrubb, Dorando, Hayes and the Frenchman, St. Yoes, April 1, in Madison-square Garden, $5,000 to first, $2,500 second, $1,500 third, and $1,000 fourth. Powers showed his magnanimity by waiving his right to take one-half of Longboat's earnings in all races he promoted himself, and this open Marathon is one of them.

* * *

SEVEN brothers named Williams, of Haverfordwest, sons of a former police superintendent, issued a challenge to any other seven brothers in the United Kingdom to play a game of Rugby football for £200 and the championship. The brothers are not only football players, but several have been exceptionally good on the running path. In walking matches, as amateur boxers, and at billiards they could, it is said, challenge any team of seven brothers in the world. Their ages range from twenty-two to forty-three.

The football challenge was accepted by the brothers Randall, of Llanelly; the brothers Phillips, of Maesycwmmer; the brothers Davies, of Llandilo; and the brothers Williams, of Ammanford—all in South Wales—and by the brothers Hall, of Gloucester, and the brothers Marsh, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. No Scotch or Irish team has accepted.



THE MONTREAL HUNT CLUB.
At the Clubhouse, Outremont.

As the challenge of the Llanelly brothers was the first received it has been accepted, and the match will be played on the Saturday before Easter, probably at Carmarthen. If the Haverfordwest brothers win, they will challenge any other seven brothers in the world.

* * *

IN order to prove that the French-Canadians are able to form a hockey team capable of playing a worthy game, seven players of merit lately donned the colors of the National A.A.A., and played a match with the Wanderers. The Nationals may enter the E.C.H.A. next season. The ex-champions won by a margin of one, the final score standing at 10 to 9. Nationals succeeded rather well, for the scratch seven that bore their colors put up a very good article of hockey, and gave a gathering of some one thousand spectators, drawn largely from "nos compatriots," many opportunities to cheer their play.

* * *

IT is amusing to compare the contradictory reports of Jim Jeffries' condition. One report sets out glowingly that all he has to do is work a little for a week or so and then jump in and make life miserable for Mister Johnsing. He is in the pink of condition, as good as he ever was, and only requires a little training. Then comes the other story. Several well-posted New York sporting men who saw Jeffries in his fight with Bob Fitzsimmons, looked the big fellow over at the Square Theatre, where he is playing, and after the exhibition with Berger they came to the conclusion that Jeff will do his best to avoid a return to the ring. One of these sporting men, who had handled several of the best fighters, said: "Jeffries is simply making a bluff to get the money. Twenty-five hundred a week is too much for him to turn down, to say nothing of $50,000 for his entire engagement. I don't believe that Jeffries has an idea of fighting Johnson or anybody else. He would not have stirred out of Los Angeles if it had not been for the coin which he found was dead easy to get."

* * *

AEROPLANE flights of an experimental nature may soon be as common on the English side of the Channel as in France, for on Thursday officials of the Aero Club, after three months' searching for a suitable site, signed the lease of a new flying ground at Shellbeach, in the Isle of Sheppey. "The finest flying ground anywhere," Mr. Perrin, the secretary of the club, described it.

"We have also arranged," said Mr. Perrin, "for a contractor to commence building sheds for the housing of aeroplanes upon the ground at once. By the end of March we expect to have five machines there belonging to our members and to have started trials. The ground is so well placed that it is possible to get a straight flight of fully ten miles over grass and marsh land, with only a few trees and scarcely any houses in the way. In a circular flight one could go round the whole island.

"There is a wide expanse of sand at the side of the ground, with the sea beyond, and this, too, will be useful for experimental purposes, as one of the club members, Mr. J. Humphreys, has had constructed a special aeroplane of his own design, intended for naval work, with a boat attachment for use if the machine descends to the sea.

"So sure are we that some of our members will be able to fly well, that we have entered three of them for the Gordon-Bennett contest at Rheims in August next."

* * *

AT an early hour the other morning, when the milk carts were making their rounds in Glasgow, a scantily dressed figure was seen speeding along Duke street.

Apparently an athlete, little attention was paid to him by the drivers of the milk carts, tramway-car men, or even policemen, who took the man to be a local Marathon athlete out for a morning spin.

One little boy, sharper than his elders, rang the bell of Duke-street Prison and informed the authorities that "yin of yer prisoners has escaped and is rinnin' alang tae Cumbernauld." "Awa' hame tae yer bed," was all his thanks for disturbing the officials at such an hour of the morning.

By the time the boy's story was found to be true the prisoner, Edward Toye, had got safely away.

It appears that the warder, in making his rounds of the prison, entered the corridor in which the man's cell was situated. He is positive that he locked the gate behind him. Reaching Toye's cell, he had just opened its door when his attention was directed to another matter at the furthest end of the corridor. In a moment Toye, who is only five feet in height and as wiry as a squirrel, threw off his prison garb, and in his underclothing made for the locked gateway, through the bars of which he successfully wriggled himself.

A drop of twenty feet landed him in the courtyard, where he lay across the axle of a goods-laden lorry, the driver of which, in all ignorance, drove him to freedom right under the eyes of the prison staff. PLAYFAIR.

It is the blending of the tobaccos in the MURAD Cigarettes, which gives them their full, rich, distinctive flavor.

Anargyros

THE CLOTHES OF A GENTLEMAN
THERE is no feature that more surely indicates good taste in clothes, than the "cut" of such a garment as the "Morning Coat" illustrated above.
The designing of such a coat is a good test of tailoring ability.
P. M. CLARK & SON
Tailors to Toronto's "Four Hundred."
95 KING STREET WEST.

SHREDDED WHEAT
A Food for the Invalid and the Athlete—
On the Training Table of every University.
To serve—simply heat in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c.

"Tronco Port"
BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY
TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN
(Established 1692)
AGENTS—MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

THE SEIGNEUR'S TOMB

By PETER O'DEE

(Written for Toronto Saturday Night.)

THE Abbe stopped in his walk up and down the terrace of the manor-house, and gazed out through the trees and across the fields where a girl might be seen going towards a dense clump of pines. It was evening and long shadows lay across the fields, but the girl wore a bright red shawl which made her figure stand out with startling distinctness. The girl was the Abbe's niece, and he frowned slightly as he watched her.

"She goes often," he muttered, "but it is the nature of women to love a picturesquely bad man."

The bad man in question was none other than the Abbe's great-grandsire, Alphonse, Seigneur de Boisgrand, of infamous memory, who lived wicked and died unrepentant, and was buried on his own land because the church would not allow his body to lie in consecrated ground. His tomb lay among the sombre pines which topped the long slope from the river, and Yvonne de Boisgrand loved to sit by it and dream of ancient romantic days and the departed glories of her family. Lately in the mellow spring weather she had formed the habit of going every evening, undeterred by the unhallowed reputation of the spot or by the fact that her uncle the Abbe would never set foot there. But though he disapproved, he never interfered with her. They were the last of their race, these two, and in his stern proud fashion he loved her passionately.

As he turned away from watching his niece to resume his restless pacing up and down the terrace, with his hands thrust into his cincture and his swarthy features veiled in moody reverie, there was a sound of halting footsteps on the gravel path which led around the house, and a shambling figure leaning on a thick stick came limping into view. It was Narcisse Davrol, the sexton, and his pale, unwholesome face was quivering with excitement as he looked about for the Abbe. When he saw him he stammered out a frightened *"M'sieu l'Abbe!"* and stood nervously fingering his battered felt hat.

"Eh bien! What is the matter, Narcisse, that you stand there trembling like a sick sheep?"

"Nothing—nothing at all—*m'sieu l'Abbe!"*

The priest scowled keenly at him for a moment, and then with a muttered "calf-head!" came down the few steps from the terrace and grasped him by the arm.

"Come now, tell me all about it," he said. *"Sapristi,* you are not afraid I will eat you!"

"Pardon, m'sieu, pardon! But—but—your niece—"

"My niece! What about my niece?"

"My wife said I must tell you. But I didn't want to—I was afraid."

There was something ominous in the man's tone, and the Abbe's grasp on his arm tightened.

"Tell me what is troubling you," he said quietly.

"Oh, I'm afraid, *m'sieu l'Abbe,* I'm afraid. You will be enraged."

"What is there about my niece likely to enrage me, *hein?* Speak, you cabbage-head!"

Then the sexton blurted it all out.

"She meets a man—at the seigneur's tomb!"

The Abbe's eyes blazed down on him.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, "do you know what you are saying? Are you mad?"

"Non, non, m'sieu! It is true—every word! I did not want to tell—but my wife—she—"

The priest's face was a terrible thing to see, and the sexton shrank back from it. But the Abbe still held his arm while he searched his countenance with ferocious keenness.

"Go on with your story! *Nom de Christ,* go on!" he finally ground out between his teeth, and he shook the man violently.

"At the seigneur's tomb—" the words were jerked out of the sexton, "at the seigneur's tomb—she meets—*ah, misericorde!*—don't *m'sieu l'Abbe,* don't—she meets—"

"Whom, you fool, whom?"

"The young—Englishman—*oh, Sainte Vierge!"* and the man was flung heavily to the ground. His cane was wrenched from him by the Abbe, who held it up with a terrible menace in his eyes.

"You lie, you dog, you lie!" he said in a hideous, throaty growl. "Tell me the truth, or I'll brain you."

The man struggled to his knees and seized the priest's robe.

"It is true, *m'sieu,* it is true—as God sees me, it is true!" he shrieked in his fear. "I saw him go myself—a little while ago—through Manette's bush—he goes—"

But the Abbe had already torn himself away from him and was rushing through the garden towards the path leading across the fields. The man scrambled to his feet and started to run limping after him.

"He will kill them," he sobbed out,

"He peered through the hedge in the direction of the pines."

"he will kill them! *Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu*—I should not have told—my wife made—" and then he tripped and fell, and lay exhausted on the ground.

In the meantime the Abbe had flung the garden gate crashing back, and had rushed wildly out into the fields. For the moment he was a madman. Great God! to think his niece, the last of the De Boisgrands, beautiful and cultured, should be—and he put the worst possible interpretation on what the sexton had told him. An Englishman, too—a godless scoffer, probably, of low birth and mean upbringing. There had been one about the village—a pink-cheeked stripling. Could it be that—the thought was maddening, and he tore fiercely at the neck of his soutane to prevent himself from strangling.

Suddenly he remembered they would see him if he went directly across the fields. So he turned to the left, and forcing his way through a hedge rushed on up the slope under its cover. He strode along like a black doom, his long soutane flapping against his legs with every furious step. In a few minutes he had topped the ridge, where he paused for a moment and peered through the hedge in the direction of the circle of pines. It seemed to him that he could distinguish the red shawl of his niece among them, and he thought he heard the sound of voices. With a fierce execration he plunged on down into the grove of maples below the ridge known as Manette's bush. Everything there was stilled in the hush of evening, and the light was mellow and subdued. But the Abbe felt none of its gentle beauty. His whole mind lay prone before his mad desire for vengeance, and he slipped among the trees with the swiftness of some dark beast of prey.

In a few moments he was at the boundary of the grove. Before him rose the knoll with its crown of pines, which loomed up black against the western sky. He drew a long shuddering breath, and then silently crossed the strip of meadowland and entered the circle of the pines.

On the huge, oblong block of stone covering the grave of the old seigneur were seated a girl and a young man. Their backs were towards the Abbe, and they faced the setting sun which threw slender red shafts of light through the trees. The man's right arm was thrown lightly about the girl, who was half turned from him and was following with her finger the weather-worn letters of the old seigneur's epitaph. Her other hand lay in his.

"But why should you be afraid, *cherie?"* he was saying.

She gave an expressive little shudder and shook her head.

"But can't you tell me?" he insisted.

"Why should I tell you, Paul, when you already know?"

"Is it the Abbe?"

"Oh, don't talk about him—don't—it makes me tremble—to think—"

"To think what, *ma mie?* You know he never comes here. He believes it is cursed ground, you said, and he has sworn never to set foot—"

The Abbe stepped furiously forward at this fresh proof, as he regarded it, of the criminal duplicity of the lovers.

"Enough!" he said, as they sprang up with a shriek from the girl and a muttered oath from the man. "Enough!" His voice was low and husky, but there was a terrible meaning in his face and tone. His niece flung herself on her knees before him and clutched his robe.

"No, you shall not, you shall not," she cried. And then turning to her lover: "Run, Paul, run—oh, my God, he will kill you!"

But the young man stood his ground and waited quietly. The priest, however, had no eyes for him. They were fixed with sombre intensity on the weeping girl at his feet.

"So you know I will kill him," he said in a slow, deadly monotone, "you know that I will wreak vengeance on him for his crime. But it is useless for him to run He cannot escape. If he were fleet as the wind I would catch him and drag him back here and kill him with my own hands, on this cursed tombstone whose evil mission he has helped to carry out."

Horror-struck at his words and tone, the girl threw back her head and gazed up at him. Her dark eyes were wide with terror, her pale lips were parted, and her breast heaved convulsively. But the priest never changed his expression of sombre resolution. The girl shrank back from him stifling a shriek with her trembling hand.

"But you could not," she slowly gasped, "you could not—you, a priest of God!"

There was a fanatical ferocity in the priest's tone as he replied.

"He has committed a crime, and I have come to punish him—here where he sinned."

The girl slowly rose to her feet.

"A crime?" she asked in wonderment, "what crime has he committed? There is no one to blame but myself. Whatever sin there is is mine."

"Great God!" the priest shouted in his fury, "and do you dare to tell me this, shameless woman? Are you so hardened in sin that you can talk of it before me in this manner?"

He grasped her by the shoulder and forced her down to the ground before him.

"Down into the dust with you!" he cried, "down into the dust where you belong!"

The poor girl made a gesture of entreaty, and then covered her face with her hands. He stood over her looking down, and in spite of his rage he was moved by her attitude of forlorn loveliness.

"You—Yvonne," he finally said, *"mon Dieu!* what would the good nuns say?—to think that you—the last of the family—here in the dust at my feet, a—oh, Christ, I can't say the word!—a woman taken in her sin!"

The girl staggered to her feet and stood swaying, with her hands stretched out to him in wild appeal, and a look of agonized incredulity on her face.

"Oh, *mon oncle,* you can't mean that—surely you don't mean that—you—" and she came towards him haltingly, but he turned from her and gazed out towards the setting sun with unseeing eyes.

Then her sense of outraged womanhood came to her aid. She drew herself up proudly, and her voice rang.

"Not that! No, never that! Such a thought never sullied my mind till you just now suggested it. You have much to answer to God for those words, *mon oncle.* I am a pure woman—a pure woman—"

The girl's voice broke.

"Ah, Sainte Vierge!—protect me now!" she sobbed, and throwing herself on her knees beside the old tombstone buried her face in her hands.

There was no doubting the truth and sincerity of this, but the Abbe came of a stubborn and passionate race, and all their fierce pride was concentrated in him. He had wronged the girl terribly, but he could not bring himself to admit it. Besides, had she not deceived him in these stolen meetings? And so he stood motionless, looking out across the fields, as he fought the battle between his affection and his pride. When he turned he was too late, for the young man was already seated by the girl, holding her in his arms, with her face hidden against his shoulder. The priest's anger immediately flashed up.

"How dare you?" he said with a furious gesture—"in my presence, too! Leave my niece at once—and go!" and he pointed out towards the village, whose lights were just beginning to twinkle in the distance.

But the youth, though pale, was firm, and met his glance unwaveringly.

"No, sir, I must refuse to go until your niece herself tells me to do so. After the brutal manner in which you have spoken to her, I feel that my place is here at her side. I love her."

"You love her! *Corp de Dieu,* what do you know of love, little man? Go away, go back to your mother till you ripen, my boy."

The young man flushed under the priest's withering contempt, but he pressed the girl even closer to him and bent his head over her protectingly.

(*Concluded on page* 19.)

"Spring Dress Goods Vogue for 1909"

THE new Dress Goods—which we are now showing in most complete assortment—are inspiring to all who appreciate good style.

Never before has Dame Fashion been pleased to favor such beautiful and becoming colors. Never before have the silk-weavers succeeded in creating such exquisite shade tones. Never before has there been a season so notable for the brilliancy and richness of the weaves.

Ripe experience, adept knowledge, large buying capacity—blended with that enthusiasm without which there could be no real success—enable us to offer more remarkable Dress Goods Value, for 1909, than ever before.

Among the captivating materials now on view in our well-lighted Dress Goods and Silk Sections are—

Satin Directoire Cloths, in a magnificent range of color tones. Silk and wool Ottomans, Henriettas, and the ever-popular Voiles. Aristocratic Broadcloths, in light weight chiffon weaves, and comprising, among other colors, the Smoke and Taupe Greys, Amethyst, Old Rose, Catawba, Tan Brown, Blue, etc. Novelty Silk Fabrics, in Salome, Indre and Arab Shantungs, that will have their share of admirers.

Special attention is directed to our excellent showing of partly-made Gowns—Paris, London and New York models that are sure to create unbounded enthusiasm.. Among them are dainty embroidered and lace effects, including wash linens, made up in jaunty French styles—real novelties, in a range that runs in price from $15.00 to $100.00 per dress robe.

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED

TORONTO CANADA

A Perfect Food

ORANGE MEAT is made from the whole wheat thoroughly cooked. Wheat contains all the necessary elements to sustain life in better proportions than any other cereal.

Orange Meat and Milk is a Perfect Food

To persistent users of **Orange Meat** a reward is offered. They will pay Seven Hundred Dollars in gold or Fifty-two Dollars every year during lifetime.

A private postcard in every package of Orange Meat gives full details of how to earn this and other prizes.

If you enter this contest, send post card to Orange Meat, Kingston, giving full name and address, and mention the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

PERRIN GLOVES

TRADE MARK

By their smooth elegance of fit, their perfect style, and high quality, Perrin Gloves appeal to critical men and women. Every pair is fully guaranteed—therefore when buying gloves look for the "Perrin" trademark. *Sold everywhere.* 1-09

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone { Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments. } Main { 6640 6641

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:
Board of Trade Building. (Tel. Main 2580) MONTREAL

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Postage to European and other foreign countries $1.00 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Editor's Notice:—Saturday Night is always glad to receive original stories, sketches, etc., illustrated or otherwise. All manuscripts should be type-written and the necessary return postage enclosed; otherwise the Editor cannot guarantee their return should they be rejected.

Vol. 22. Toronto, Canada, March 20, 1909. No. 23.

Points About People

The Conservative Carpet.

ONE of the features of the New Parliament is a new party room for the Opposition, which, while not nearly as large as the sanctum sanctorum of the Ministerialists, is still a great improvement upon the old Number Eight. When the House met, the new wing had only just been finished and there had not been time to complete the painting and other adornments of a big sitting room. Among the articles missing was a carpet.

Whip Taylor made enquiries as to what were the intentions of the Government in that regard, and was told that a carpet would be forthcoming in a few days. Consequently when late one night some of the younger Conservatives saw two rolls of carpet laying outside their room in the corridor, they thought they would see how it looked in their room and forthwith proceed to lay it down. It was a bright crimson carpet and was a great improvement upon the bare floor. But unfortunately it was not intended for the Tory headquarters at all. It was designed to be laid down in the rooms of the Secretary of State and the chief Liberal whip, almost opposite Number Eight, and consequently it was not allowed to remain where the youngsters had put it. The joke, however, was that some zealous employee of the House of Commons, coming along the morning after the carpet had been put in Number Eight, took the trouble not only to nail it down with great precision, but also to fill the space which had been cut out to provide for the carpet fitting the fireplace in one of the rooms for which it was bought.

The Tory headquarters were again with bare floors and so continued for a week or so, but the defect has been supplied and the floor of Number Eight is now covered with a delightful green carpet which serves the purpose and is not quite in such glaring contrast to the party's principles as the red carpet was.

A Press Gallery Joke.

ONE of the most pleasing of the new members of the House of Commons from the West is Arthur Meighen, the young barrister who redeemed Portage la Prairie and put John Crawford out of business. He has a most attractive wife, who has already become one of the belles of the Capital, and who devotes most of her time to listening to the debates of the House from the Speaker's Gallery. The other day she was seated there, listening with interest to an uninteresting debate, when a wag in the Press Gallery turned to a chum and said:

"See that lady in the gallery. She is Mrs. Meighen. What Cobalt stock does she remind you of?"

The man questioned gave it up until he was reminded of the circumstance that the lady wore a green costume. Then he caught on to the combination—Green-Meehan.

He Arrested the Sentry.

THE tragic death of Lieut.-Col. Thomas Turnbull, formerly of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, in Ottawa the other day, recalls an incident which took place in June, 1885, when that regiment was on its way home from the North-west Rebellion to Montreal. The regiment embarked at Port Arthur upon the C.P.R. steamer Manitoba along with the Queen's Own, the Royal Grenadiers and the Ottawa Sharpshooters. The "boys" had had a good time in Winnipeg for the previous few days and there were a number of "sore heads" among them, as is natural when a body of men who have been debarred from the temptations of city life for weeks or months are again thrown into the vortex of metropolitan life. The consequence was that immediately upon the embarkation of the troops, the commanding officers detailed a sentry from each of the regiments to keep guard upon the bar, with orders to each not to admit any member of his regiment without orders from the officer of the day.

The sentry posted for the Garrison Artillery was a young chap who is now a newspaper man in Ottawa, and he took his orders very literally, for when Major Turnbull, as he then was, came along about midnight and wanted to get a drink, the sentry politely told him that he could not be admitted without an order from the officer of the day. The Major got very angry at this literal interpretation of orders and, calling the sergeant of the guard, had the sentry placed under arrest for "insulting an officer." A new sentry was posted and the other spent the rest of the night in the corner of the hold dignified by the name of "guard room." The next morning there was a miniature court martial and the sentry was exonerated on the ground that his inexperience had not taught him that a staff officer had the right to go anywhere he desired.

Many and many a laugh did the officer and the sentry have over the incident in later years. Indeed only a few weeks ago, when the Fenian Raid veterans waited upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Col. Turnbull, who was the spokesman for Montreal, recognized the sentry in a newspaper man sitting at the reporter's table and jocularly asked him whether he was still of as firm temperance habits as he had been in 1885.

"Tom" Turnbull was a remarkable character. He was an enthusiastic Canadian, and a great believer in the future of the West, with which he identified himself for years. Only a few days before his death he was before the Railway Committee of the Commons to advocate the passage of a Pacific to Hudson Bay railway bill, in which he had interested British capitalists.

Mayor Oliver's Mighty Voice.

THERE'S one distinguishing characteristic about His Worship Mayor Oliver. It's his voice. He is literally the "Almighty Voice" around the City Hall, and it was Controller Geary who made a neat reference to the fact at a recent meeting of the Board of Control.

Major Collins, a veteran soldier, is a frequent deputation at Board of Control meetings, and his grievances sometimes worry the Controllers and weary them, too. The last time the Major appeared he protested against the running of a street car line through the old Fort grounds.

"I'm sick and sore and tired of this talk," thundered the Mayor, losing his temper at last. Then he poured on the poor Major's head tne vials of his vociferous wrath.

Major Collins tried to raise his voice loud enough to reply effectively. But he didn't succeed to any extent.

"It's no use, Major," put in Controller Geary, "the Mayor has three or four volumes of sound to your one."

Then the discomfited Major subsided.

Massey Hall, Its Founders, and Its Future.

NOW that the city's breach of faith in connection with Massey Hall is again in the air and there is an actual prospect that if tax exemption is not restored, as was promised at this time, the Mendelssohn Choir may have no place to sing next winter, it is worth while saying something about Hart A. Massey who built it. He was an American by birth, who, like Joseph Hall and others who were pioneers in the agricultural implement business in New York State, foresaw the vast possibilities of Canada as an agricultural country and established businesses here. In almost every country town of Ontario thirty or forty years ago there were foundries turning out plows and machinery of various kinds. But by some means or other the Massey business grew and grew until many of the other concerns dwindled out or were absorbed.

The enormous growth of the concern was attributed by many business men to the late Charles Massey, eldest son of the deceased, who was instrumental in the organization and modernization of the business. Whether or not Charles Massey was responsible for the removal of the industry from an Eastern Ontario town has never been established, but by many implement men it was believed. Apart from his organizing capacity, Charles Massey's ruling passion was good music, and some years after he died his father, in devising some means to commemorate him, hit upon the scheme of giving a music hall to the city which could also aid great religious movements. Few of the thousands who go to Massey Hall in the course of a year have noted the modest tablet in the northwest corner of the hall which tells in whose memory it was built.

In pure sentiment the Hall, which could not be made to pay a profit in a city of three times Toronto's population and which under the terms of the deed of gift would never be allowed to become profit-making, has been maintained at a loss to the members of the family. Long ago the hall would have been sold for factory purposes had not sentiment prevailed. It remains to be seen whether the silent but persistent lobby of New York theatrical interests which has continued for years will succeed in debauching once again the city's honor. And even if Charles Massey's memory prevails once again upon his relatives to thwart the injustice, the question which must be answered is, "Who will go down in their pockets to face the annual deficit after Charles Massey's immediate relatives are dead?" Despite the treatment they have received at the hands of the City of Toronto, the family has gone ahead with its policy of public benefactions but many rich men of the community have found in the breach of agreement reason and excuse for buttoning their pockets.

Nicholas Flood Davin as a Campaigner.

LAST week some anecdotes were told of appeals to religious affiliations at election times. Here is another one about the late Nicholas Flood Davin, the brilliant orator and journalist who came to such a tragic end. No one in this country ever knew exactly what the religious faith of "N. F. D." was. Years ago he wrote for The Week a series of dialogues in the Platonic style on the subject of religion, in which it would be impossible to discover that he had any religious convictions at all. This, however, was after he entered politics and it was with this entry that this anecdote is concerned.

It was the custom of Sir John A. Macdonald, as it is still that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, where his own province of Quebec is concerned, to seek out and find constituencies for men of journalistic and oratorical talent. And shortly after Davin's arrival in Canada from England, where he had been war correspondent of The London Standard during the Franco-Prussian catastrophe, Sir John secured for him a nomination in one of the old group of constituencies in the Hamilton district. In the riding, as then constituted, there were many Roman Catholics, and as a complement thereto an equally ardent Protestant community. Davin did not declare his faith, if he had any, but the handling of the Roman Catholic vote was in the hands of an expert named Madigan. The latter took the candidate on a house-to-house canvass among those of his faith.

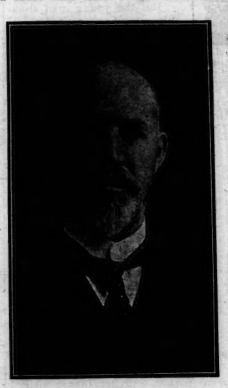
Mr. Davin, a man of exquisite courtesy, would arrive with Madigan at a farm house and engage the family in conversation and at the proper moment Madigan would produce a portrait of a saintly nun and whisper to the lady of the household that it was Mr. Davin's sister.

"Why, Mr. Davin, we did not know you were a Catholic," was the usual ejaculation.

"My dear madame," he would respond, "I fear I am not a good Catholic, but she,"—and he would look at the portrait which he had never seen until Madigan took it on the campaign—"she was as saintly a woman as I have ever seen."

A Canadian Story of Robert Barr.

IN the country between Toronto and Detroit there linger several stories of the days when Robert Barr, the novelist, who has been so successful in England, was in Canada some years ago. Along with a friend one night he was on a Grand Trunk train approaching London. The coaches were well filled, and the hungry travellers were beginning to look forward with keen anticipation to the customary fifteen minutes for refreshments. Something like consternation swept through the train, however, a short time later when the brakeman announced that there would only be a stop of five minutes for lunch. When the train pulled in there was a frantic rush for the counter, but Barr showed no signs of perturbation. His friend counselled haste, but the incipient novelist replied:



MR. ADAM SHORTT

of the Civil Service Department, Ottawa. Mr. Shortt will, on the 29th inst., address the Canadian Club, Toronto, the subject being the "Canadian Civil Service." Mr. Shortt has had long years of experience in this department and his address should be of great interest to Canadians.

"Wait. I've been over this road before and I think I have an idea."

Imperturbably fashion he crossed the platform and, standing for a moment at the door of the restaurant, he surveyed the crowd. Presently he found what he was seeking, and he laid his course for a place at the counter to reach which he must pass the conductor of the train who was busy eating as much as he could in as short a time as possible. Just as he reached the ticket-taker he was impelled to tie his shoe lace. He knelt, did so, and when he rose he had secreted under his coat the conductor's blue and gold hat. With the hat clipped between his knees he sat up to the counter and ordered his meal which he proceeded to eat with a deliberation that would have gladdened the heart of Horace Fletcher and the thoroughmastication school.

Before he and his companion had half finished there was a commotion in the dining room. The conductor started to look for his hat with a peevishness that gradually rose to a red hot rage. But Barr sat still and munched peacably at his sandwiches. When at last he was satisfied he rose and discreetly tossed the cap into a corner. Then he resumed his seat in the smoker and three minutes later the train started to pull out.

"You know," said Barr, as he filled his pipe, "that's old Dan McCarthy, and they say he's been pitching his hat on the floor like that for twenty years. I've watched him do it for two."

Mr. Greet's Comedy Tactics.

WHEN within the past fortnight Ben Greet visited Toronto with his production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" his interminable pranks as Bottom aroused the ire of some critics, but to many observers he was excruciatingly funny. It is a characteristic of Mr. Greet that he cannot leave the stage while he has anybody "going." He selects his victim in one of the front rows, and so long as the victim will laugh he will improvise business.

This a Toronto lady knows to her cost. At the Saturday matinee performance Greet got under the skin of a young man until he had him in convulsions of laughter. He continued improvising business in the scene of the clown's burlesque drama, "Pyramus and Thisbe," until the youth fairly writhed with mirth. The house was darkened and suddenly Bottom's victim slapped his hand down on the arm of his seat with prodigious force as men will do in excess of laughter. A little shriek arrested his mirth. He had bruised and injured the hand of his best girl, who had come with him to the performance and had her hand caressingly on the arm of the seat between them. The laughter ceased and Mr. Greet considered it advisable to let the performance proceed.

Musician—At your afternoon concert would you like me to play some of Wagner's works?

Parvenu—Yes—but on the hurdy-gurdy, or my guests will not understand it.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Old Lady—"I don't think it looks nice for you to be smoking cigarettes, my boy." Boy—"I know dat lady, but if I smoke cigars th' fellers will say I'm goin' above me means."

The Practical Side of Christianity.

Editor Saturday Night:—A vast conference on Missions is soon to be held in Toronto. The object is to put such forces in operation as will evangelize the world in this generation. A more worthy object could not be.

But now, what is the compelling power in all missionary enterprise? To those who believe in endless torment, surely the controlling motive is to save the millions of heathen from such a fate. Now both the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches profess to believe in that doctrine. But the singular thing is that in neither church is it preached. The suspicion is that it is not believed. And this is more than a suspicion. About three weeks ago in a large congregation in Toronto the preacher asked for a show of hands on the part of any who had heard a sermon on hell in the last ten years. Two hands were held up. I myself have heard no sermon on hell since I was a child. A Methodist minister, largely in touch with his brethren, told me lately most positively that the Methodist ministers do not believe in endless torment. Many Presbyterian ministers with whom I have spoken take the same ground.

Now it is a hard thing to say that a doctrine of such eternal importance is professed, yet repudiated. But if it were really believed, would it not be preached—yes, preached morning, noon and night? For there are reckoned to be a thousand millions of heathen in distant lands, besides all the other millions that we have here at home. So all these heathen are supposed to be dropping by the thousand into hell every day. And consider: there are a thousand millions of them.

Is not the main incentive, then, to give these millions the Gospel, in order to save them from such a doom? There may be other considerations; but is not this the pressing one? Yet not once have I heard this matter referred to in any late missionary address; and I have heard many. There was a little spiritual truth in them all. But the chief motive presented was, to save the heathen from savagery to civilization. So the whole performance seemed to me not much more than an exploitation of Materialism.

Then if ministers do not believe in endless torment, why do they not say so? I can imagine two reasons. First, there is the fear of pains and penalties. A man may lose his position; and that is a serious consideration. Then there is an unwillingness to go back on the fathers who framed these creeds.

But does either or both of these reasons justify conscientious men in suppressing a truth of such momentous importance? A thousand times, no. Candor and honesty first; veneration for the fathers after.

Would it not conduce to real success if this matter were considered at the coming conference? It might arouse some amount of disunion and debate. But would it not lift the whole tone of the movement to a far higher plane? And might we not believe that it would lead to a more sustained effort, and in the end greater success?

At all events, there is one matter well worth considering. How can the Spirit of Truth lead us into larger visions of Truth if we willingly tamper with our most sacred convictions? Let us remember that there are growing revelations. May we be of an open mind, and be in an attitude to receive them!

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

Lindsay, Ont., March 15, 1909.

Any Man to Any Woman.

I am not heartless, dearest, selfish, cold;
I love you and the thought that you love me
Gives me new life to struggle, and to be
A nobler man than I have been of old.
But there are moods which cannot be controlled,
And times when I would laugh while you would weep,
Or you would jest and sing while my thoughts keep
Some weary vigil that cannot be told.

And when it happens thus we are alone
With souls which have each from the other strayed,
Take not those tragic airs and make no moan
That you are mocked and love has been betrayed:
Love is a tide of mighty come and go,
No trickling fountain of perpetual flow.

LESTER RYAN.

A curious effect of the exodus of nuns and convents from France, owing to the new law regarding religious associations is that false hair has gone up tremendously in price. One of the foremost wig makers in Paris says that an incredible quantity of hair used to be supplied regularly to the trade by religious establishments, and their departure has created a dearth and consequently enhanced prices in the home market. Natural golden tresses and white locks have always been the most expensive and are now prohibitive in price. Parisian wig makers pay at the rate of $150 a pound for the former and $300 a pound for fine plaits of the latter.

In Holland, notes The Detroit News, there are few able-bodied paupers. There is a tract of public land containing 5,000 acres, which is divided into six model farms, and to one of these is sent the poor person applying for public relief. If he voluntarily serves till he learns agriculture he is allowed to rent a small farm for himself and be what is called a free farmer. Every pauper who is thus reclaimed to honest regular industry is so much gain to the state. There is also a forced labor colony, where beggars and vagrants are sent and made to do farm and other work whether they like it or not.

In the year 1694 William Patterson, founder of the Bank of Scotland, conceived the grand project of planting on the Isthmus of Darien a British colony, which, in his own words, "should secure for Great Britain the keys of the universe, enabling their possessors to give laws to both oceans and to become the arbiters of the commercial world." This colony was actually founded at a place still known as Puerto Escoces, but its people were subsequently forced by the Spaniards to evacuate and return to Scotland.

OLD FRENCH FORT, POINT PLEASANT PARK, HALIFAX, N.S.

This relic of old French days is to be seen in Point Pleasant Park, situated on a tongue of land between the harbor and the Northwestern Arm. Until the year 1874 the whole tongue of land belonged to the War Department; but in that year it was transferred to the city to be used as a park. Besides the old Martello Tower seen in this picture, four forts and batteries command the coast at different points. Directly opposite, on the west bank of the Arm, stands Fort Redoubt. Near the mouth of the Arm are still to be seen two massive iron rings fastened into the solid rock. From these, in time of war, heavy chains were stretched across to the opposite bank, locking in the harbor and preventing hostile fleets from coming too near the fort to shell it.

A CANADIAN IN THE TROPICS

The West Indies Seen by a Torontonian

By J. W. Barry

PRIMITIVE METHOD OF MOVING BANANAS

COTTON COVERING ON TOBACCO

CUTTING SUGAR CANE

NATIVE BOYS DIVING

GOVERNOR'S PALACE AND THE RAMPARTS

(*Written for Toronto Saturday Night.*)

San Juan, Porto Rico, American West Indies,
March, 10, 1909.

THIS is the country where weatherstrip is unknown, and a native can support himself and family on twenty cents a day, but in a style unknown to the King Edward Hotel.

Porto Rico is an island of smiling slopes and green savannahs where every prospect is pleasing—particularly to the American. This is one of the infant children Uncle Sam has fathered since 1898. He looks after it well. It is now past the stage of nursing bottles. It has become one of the lusty young Americans of the West Indies. English is now taught in the schools, and gradually, as the present children grow up, the Spanish lingo will be shoved off the island. The process of regeneration is exceedingly interesting.

When Spain ceded Porto Rico to the United States there were no schools. Now nearly 70,000 kiddies are being brought under the elevating influence of education.

Remarkably intelligent are the children of the West Indies, and big things may be expected of them when they "discover" themselves, which will be before long.

To one bright-eyed little fellow I said:

"Will you go back to Toronto with me?"

And he replied: "Yes, Mas'ah; I go, you take care of me"—placing the onus on me, which was rather good.

The boys upon landing from the steamer insist on becoming your esquires—that is they are determined to become your guides. I had four. One to carry my hat, one to carry a bottle of bay rum, another to tell me the time, and a fourth to lead the way, all at a cost of five cents each for the afternoon. My entire retinue moved with befitting ceremony until an ice-cream parlor was reached; then decorum fell overboard.

As the "Oceana" came to anchor at the island of St. Thomas, the native boys did some clever diving for coins. They would dive only for quarters at first, but as familiarity bred contempt with the spectators and business slackened, nickels would do. These lads have splendidly developed physiques, which in the sunlight shone like bronze; something the Central Y.M.C.A. to behold, would envy forever. As they dived, their white palms and soles showed to perfection. Passing a school later on in the day, the native children were reciting "The Lord is my Keeper," and I trust He is.

Although the island of St. Thomas belongs to Denmark, English is taught the children four days a week. They are refreshingly intelligent, one being able to tell me the names of our Canadian Great Lakes, which quite surprised me.

The older boys are especially well posted. One of them even knew in this far away spot that Governor Hughes had abolished horse-racing in New York State, which he considered a good thing. The same lad also told me that they longed for British rule, "Because England treated the whites and blacks with equal fairness"; which made this patriotic heart of mine thrill with pride.

Some of the more ambitious ones are saving up their funds in order to join a correspondence school, so eager are they to learn. Here may live a future Wm. MacKenzie, Clouston, or Laurier.

One must be careful at St. Thomas not to admire anything portable too well. If you do the mammies have a premonition that they must sell it to you. I admired a cat, then I fondled a little black orphan baby—they both had their price.

San Juan reminds one of its being the oldest part of civilized America.

Juan Ponce de Leon, that romantic Castelian, sailed with Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. In 1511, being then Governor of Porto Rico, he founded the city and built the White House, which is more perfect to-day than the cook book of that name.

San Juan, distinctly Moorish in architecture, is protected by two huge fortifications, Morro Castle and Castle Christobal. These venerable giants, which reflect the wealth and power of a Spanish Golden age, are connected with one of the most pathetic sea stories of England—the story of the last voyage of Admiral Hawkins and Francis Drake. These great Elizabethan sailors gathered a fleet together and sailed from Plymouth in 1595. The voyage was disastrous from first to last. The Admiral died as San Juan was sighted and Drake took command. At break of day the English squadron attacked the forts. After several onslaughts, in which the invincible Drake was repulsed, the English fleet bore away.

San Juan to-day would not surprise Ponce de Leon very much himself; it is so little changed, even with the passing of centuries. It is still exporting coffee to Spain as of old; last year nearly forty million pounds went abroad. Naturally, being an American city, it has its trolley car service (what American city has not?), and the power to run it is developed on some big river in the mountains and transmitted to San Juan through wires strung on towers exactly like those seen between Toronto and Niagara Falls. It was pleasing to see the Royal Bank of Canada established here.

Yesterday we travelled out to La Carolina, 15 miles on a narrow-gauge railway, and saw sugar cane ground up and "smelted." Darkies, yoked oxen (oh, so patient), small cars, and some English machinery do all the work, which does not appear to be very difficult. Like taffy being made by children, it needs to be kept from burning.

We passed through a country wonderfully pleasing, although the thermometer registered 80 degrees. Morning glories, bold enough to creep close to the railway track, made the morning glorious along our way; while on either side fields of pineapples, grape fruit, oranges, bananas, sugar cane and immense cocoanut palms gladdened our ocean-tired eyes.

The native huts, however, kept our minds from soaring into the azure blue of ecstacy. They are built on the ventilated system of bark, and thatched, for the most part, with palm leaves, and have their allotment (not of new C.P.R. stock) but loved ones—babies and mongrels, the latter being distant relatives of those living in Shacktown, Toronto.

The native ladies sit in the doorways of these mansions and smoke pipes and cigarettes, while the pickaninnies, about thirty per cent. of them, crawl about in their birthday suits. That god of clay, Napoleon, often said that no one should engage in warfare if his sensibilities are easily shocked, and the same may be added regarding sights in the rural parts of Porto Rico.

In the yards of the huts, plants which we cultivate in conservatories in Toronto and think passing rare, grow in wild profusion. Calla lilies, iris, huge cacti and palms are as common as daisies in fields near home.

"Riches hath wings, to poverty alone the gods give content." And to hear the natives here laugh and sing would do you good, and bears out this philosophy. They laugh and sing better than ten Harry Lauders rolled into one, yet, like the lilies of the field, they toil not neither do they spin—very much.

Porto Rico, one of the most densely inhabited sections of the earth, having a population of thirteen hundred thousand, ten years ago, was decidedly pro-American, but since then, speaking on the authority of an American judge at San Juan, it has become Anti-American owing to the United States having never given these people the rights belonging to American citizenship. About twenty-five per cent. of the population are highly educated Spanish ladies and gentlemen. Yet they are not recognized by the United States, which appears to be a weak link in Statesmanship.

The Spanish ladies are very sweet. Their soft, tender eyes would make anyone resign his commission as a bachelor in short order. I would resign mine in a minute. But this is a sketch concerning Porto Rico, not a love story.

Glimpses from Real German Life.

THE letters that follow were written by a lady travelling in Europe, to a relative in Toronto. Unlike the average conventional travel article, which generally is about as illuminating as a guide-book, these letters throw new light on certain phases of home and business life in Germany, and appear to Saturday Night to be of general and unusual interest:

Steamship Prince Fred'k William,
Dusseldorf, Germany, Feb., 1909

We arrived here on Friday. We were caught in a fog between Cherbourg and Brennan, but were very comfortable and did not mind the delay. Dusseldorf is a beautiful city. It was laid out by Napoleon, who was very fond of it, and built it, as he did most things, on a very grand scale. The streets are beautifully wide with a park running through the centre of the city, a little like the plan of Central Park, New York, only open. This "The Park" is a very fine hotel, beautifully situated in front of the park. We have a room nicely furnished and a large bath room with the finest plumbing I have ever seen, except at the St. Regis, New York. We have steam heat, electric light, and altogether are quite American. This is quite an art centre. There is a very fine art gallery. There are also two English churches. I have not heard a word of English spoken on the street since we have been here. We would have felt quite lonely had it not been for Mr. H., who was American Consul here for years. He has lived in Dusseldorf for eighteen years. Mr. and Mrs. H. have been the means of our seeing real German life as we might not otherwise have seen it.

The Germans are so slow and take life so easily that they almost set poor D—— crazy with all his American ideas of "get up and go." They do not get to their offices until 9 a.m. or after. All go home for a one o'clock dinner, after which every one lies down for a nap, men and all. Then at 4 p.m. husbands and wives go off to a coffee house for coffee. There are dozens of them here, and at that time they are all filled. They have a large table spread with more kinds of cake than I knew could be concocted. You go and pick out the kind of cake you want and they bring it to you with your coffee. After this is over the men all go back to their offices until seven or eight o'clock, then go home and take supper; and at ten o'clock, if they have not gone to the theatre or opera, off they go to the coffee house before going to bed. It is great fun to watch the people—they do so thoroughly enjoy it all. But D—— says, just when they are in the midst of some important discussion and are getting matters into shape, some one looks at his watch; it is four o'clock, and they all fold up their papers and walk out to a coffee house. And you may imagine how annoying that is to an American, with whom business always comes first. However, D—— says they finally "get there" if one can only be patient. They make a great deal of money and are very honest.

The building next to our beautiful hotel, is the Grand Opera House, where they hold all the grand operas. I do not like the German living, and I am sure we get the best we can. Their markets do not provide nearly the variety that ours do. The Germans eat great quantities of meat and all their eatables are very heavy. They certainly must have wonderful digestions, for they seem to eat all the time, and they serve you enormous portions. They drink wine like water, and never even offer water unless it is asked for.

This is a very expensive place to live. Rents are very high, and Mrs. H—— says things in the market cost more than in New York. The meals are very expensive here, too—regular Waldorf Astoria prices, which greatly surprises me. The only thing that seems cheaper here than in New York is wages. People work here for very little. A first-class cook gets eight dollars a month. The H——'s keep a cook, a dinning room maid, and a butler; and I think that their wages do not equal what we pay one servant in New York. They certainly do know how to charge and we could stay at one of the large New York hotels for just what we pay here at the Park Hotel, although we might not have such good rooms.

We were on board ship the night before the last one out, and we had a wonderful dinner. As it was the Emperor's birthday, the dinning room was decorated with German flags, the Emperor's picture, and many flowers. They also gave us pretty souvenirs—favours, crackers, flags of all nations—and even furnished champagne for every one in the dining room. The band played all the German National airs during dinner; the captain made a speech; and then we all stood while they sang the German National Anthem and drank the Emperor's health. It was all very interestingg.

Dusseldorf, Feb. 11, 1909.

The weather since we arrived here has been simply dreadful with only two or three fine days in all that time. We have had constant rain, mist, and cold. But the sun is shining to-day. We take dinner every Sunday with the H——s. On Saturday evening we went to the theatre and witnessed as fine a vaudeville performance as I have ever seen. The theatre is large and fine. The ground floor has two rows of boxes, holding eight persons, accross the front of the stage. The rest of the floor is filled with tables at which people sit and eat and drink. and at intervals during the performance they pass beer about to the boxes. We occupied Mrs. H——'s box.

On Monday evening we were given a splendid dinner at the house of a Mr. B——, a very wealthy man. He has a beautiful house in a small suburban town about ten miles from Dusseldorf, built on some of the ground surrounding the Emperor's Castle, which Mr. B—— bought from him. There were eight of us at dinner. We went out in an automobile. I only wish I could begin to tell you of all the wonderful things they had to eat, all so beautifully served. The first course was Cavier served on a block of ice, under which candles had been placed in a hollow made for the purpose. These flickered and sparkled through the ice, the whole was surrounded with a wreath of fresh violets. This is only a sample of all sorts of wonderful and odd dishes. Many kinds of wines were served, the dinner beginning and ending with champagne. They clinked glasses and drank our health, and many other pretty toasts.

On Tuesday we had a very interesting day as we went out with the H——s to spend the day with two old maiden ladies who live in a quaint little village far away from the route of the tourist. We first took the train to Elberfeld, the place where the largest dying establishments in Europe are, and where all the famous turkey red cotton is made. Thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of buttons, braids, etc., go to America from there. At Elberfeld we took the hanging railway (only two of its kind in existence) and the sensation of riding in it is as near a flying machine as I ever expect to have. It is built all the way over the river, the cars being suspended from a high structure stopping at stations, like our elevated railway, at intervals. Barunn is very quaint, nearly all the houses being built of slate shingles with bright green shutters. The house we went to was over a hundred years old and full of old fashioned furniture, much of it put together with the old wooden nails and cabinets of china made in 1700. Our two little hostesses were typical German frauleins of about sixty. They could not speak English, but the H——s interpreted for us and we had lots of fun. They fairly stuffed us with all sorts of good things and opened their rare old wine to drink our health. It has been a most interesting experience for us to see real German home life.

Dusseldorf, Germany, Feb. 25, 1909.

Another week has rolled by and we are still in Dusseldorf. I am alone as D—— has gone to Budapest, but will be back on Tuesday or Wednesday. I have lately been a great deal "on the go" doing much the same things—operas, theatres, etc. This week has been carnival week, which made things very gay. It began on Sunday afternoon and lasts until 12 o'clock on Tuesday night, just three days before Lent begins. Every one joins in and all have a good time. They have a huge fancy costume parade on Sunday afternoon to open it. After the parade everything is in full swing with bands playing in all directions, people walking everywhere in costume, and much merrymaking and confetti throwing. All the hotels coffee houses, etc., charge admission to keep the rabble out, and yet they are packed. The Germans are the most orderly, well-behaved crowd you can imagine. Nothing objectional is permitted for a moment, but it is fun to watch them and they do have a good time. We had all sorts of funny experiences, as we are always recognized as being Americans, as they call us. But people are generally most polite to us.

There are barracks here and the soldiers' uniforms are very pretty and add such a fine touch of color to everything. They are all beautifully neat and well groomed. The policemen, too, have a very stunning costume—navy blue, with cerise pink collars and strappings and black metal helmets with a large eagle on the front. The postal messengers ride bicycles all over the city in crimson velvet suits and caps to match, so you may imagine that the crowds look very gay.

We are having a great deal of sunshine now, but it is very cold. When the warm weather comes I cannot imagine anything more beautiful than this place, with its exquisite parks and streets and lovely avenues of trees, the dear old Rhine, and all sorts of miniature lakes in all parts of the city. One day we spent in Cologne revisiting the beautiful Cathedral and Art Museum.

M—— D——.

To the God of Things-as-They-Might-Be.

(*With the permission of the Censor.*)

Most everywhere the teddy-bear,
Is seen clothed only in his skin;
So ask we why they do deny
That pleasure to the Billikin?

But we are told that Archy-bold
Is gloomily afraid of sin;
'Twould be worth while if he could smile
The way that little Billie-Kin.

R.E.S.

Says The Hamilton Times: New Zealand is being taught a lesson that Canadians should long ago have learned. At North Canterbury the birds have been destroyed in wholesale fashion by the farmers owing to the damage they do to the crops, and this year the harvest happened to be a particularly heavy one. A plague of caterpillars has now descended upon the district and practically ruined the crops. There is no doubt that the destruction of Canadian wild birds has cost our agriculturalists and horticulturalists millions of dollars.

The Dutch will celebrate the centenary of the re-establishment of national independence by a world's fair at The Hague in 1913.

"A HORSE RACE OVER THE ICE," BY THE LATE HENRI JULIEN.

Mr. Henri Julien, who died suddenly in Montreal last autumn, was ranked among the very first black and white artists of the continent. His newspaper illustrations have attracted attention, not only in Canada and the United States but in Europe as well. Indeed, there are few men living who possess the craftsmanship of this Canadian. Mr. Julien was best known perhaps for his character studies of the habitant, and these he did with an exactness and a lively, humorous sense which was beyond criticism. With oils and watercolors this dead artist also ranked high, though unfortunately his work in these two lines he did out of hours (his time being taken up with his black and white work), and as a consequence he was by no means a prolific painter. These oils and watercolors are seldom in the possession of others than his particular friends among artists and others who knew and appreciated his work, the consequence being that even copies of them have scarcely ever been seen by the majority of Canadians. Saturday Night has been fortunate enough to secure excellent photographs of a number of Mr. Julien's best works and these will be published from time to time.

THE first man to go around the world with an automobile was Carl Page. He made the trip in 1901, and he tells about it yet, for he is still interested in cars. When he started on what was considered a foolhardy and even ridiculous attempt many of his friends bade him good-bye seriously enough, for most of them thought they would never see him again. When Mr. Page carried through his programme and returned home he became one of the celebrities of the day.

Recently Mr. Page was urged to write out in full his experiences on this notable journey. He met with no difficulty to speak of until he reached India, where three gallons of gasoline seemed to constitute the country's supply of that commodity. He purchased that amount, being charged nine dollars a gallon. He cabled home for a supply, which cost him only thirty cents a gallon. But he found that peculiarities of the law made it far more difficult to get the stuff transported through India than to smuggle whisky into the Cobalt region. In Burma the use of gasoline was absolutely prohibited. But Mr. Page worked hard and had the law repealed. He did not puncture a tire on the trip.

In most of the Asiatic countries through which he travelled the motor-car had never been seen before, and, needless to say, it made a stir. One of Mr. Page's notable experiences was with the Gaikwar of Baroda. The latter invited Mr. Page to visit him, which he did. The Gaikwar was so interested in the car that he rode about with its owner nearly all day for some days. Mr. Page says:

"Having been invited to become his guest at the palace, I experienced for the first time the caste question. Although most friendly and hospitable, his religion would not permit him to dine either in the same room or at the same table with me, so, to overcome this obstacle, two tables were set in the doorway—between two rooms—one table being but an inch from the other. At these two tables we dined, he on his Oriental diet and I on the most approved European fare. Year before last, when the Gaikwar visited this country, I met him at the Waldorf, and we again had the pleasure of motoring together. He purchased a dozen of my cars, for the use of his friends, and before I left him, while on my trip, he had become a proficient driver of automobiles."

* * *

One fault that may justly be charged to rural communities in general is the stubbornness with which they oppose scientific road making. In this connection it would be well if journals that appeal particularly to the farmer would occasionally point out the folly of mistaken, out-of-date ideas of economy as applied in this direction. They might, for the common good, intersperse articles sympathizing with the rural attitude towards motors and motorists with an occasional paragraph along the lines of this one from The New York Sun:

The greatest difficulty in building good roads is not the actual construction or even the paying for them, but convincing the people locally that it can be done without burdensome or ruinous taxation. No community ever began the building of stone or gravel roads, usually called hard roads, without the most bitter opposition from farmers who would be most largely benefited by the improvement. It is encouraging to know that no community ever began the building of hard roads that did not keep on doing so. When the taxpayers had had the experience of using the roads and paying for them more roads were demanded, and soon those most violently opposed were found on the firing line fighting for more appropriations for road improvements.

* * *

Vancouver claims a unique honor for itself and for Canada. It is, it appears, the first city in America to equip its fire department exclusively with motor cars. The Vancouver Sunset prints a photograph of the detachment of men at one of the fire halls, ready to respond to an alarm. The chief and a driver are seated in a runabout, and the men and fire appliances are in auto trucks. The picture presented is certainly one of up-to-date efficiency. It will not be long before every city fire department in the country will rely to some extent on motor cars in order to meet modern requirements. But Vancouver is the pioneer in their exclusive use.

* * *

One of the annual racing events that always attracts the attention of the motoring world, or rather the motoring continent, is the series of contests at Florida Beach. These take place at Daytona on March 23, 24, 25, and 26. Some new-style races will be tried this year. One of these is a stock-car prize class-race of 200 miles, cars being divided into five classes, on the same basis as in the Gliddon tour. Another new race, also for 200 miles, will be open to the same type of cars, but classified on "piston displacement." The idea of this contest is to show what each maker can produce from the smallest displacement. Another race, of fifty miles, will be open to all cars that have competed for the Vanderbilt Cup.

* * *

An example for automobile clubs all over the continent has been set by the members of the Denver Automobile Club, who recently gave the services of their cars to the work of transporting road signs and men about the country, in order that the highways for miles around the city might be well supplied with sign boards.

* * *

An interesting debate on the relative merits of the automobile and the horse took place in both houses of Congress at Washington recently when what was known as the "Urgent Deficiency Bill" came up for discussion. The bill contained an item of $12,000 for automobiles for the use of the President. This caused some champions of the horse to advance protestations and objections. One of these thought that if the government started to employ the auto, which he characterized as the enemy of the horse, it would be serving notice on the farmers of the country that the horseless age had arrived. He thought the United States ought to be content to go a little slower and a little surer.

The Senator who introduced the bill, however, pointed out that he was himself a lover of the horse; and that the growing popularity of automobiles has not affected the demand for or the prices of horses. He also reminded the opponents of his measure that when electricity was introduced, displacing horses on street cars, etc., the same objections had been raised. Another speaker said that the automobile had come to stay and that to attempt to check its growing use was as futile as to attempt to stop the natural progress of the country. A Tennessee man in the House of Representatives declared the auto to be "a general all-round nuisance." This brought a rejoinder from a member of the house in the form of an inquiry as to whether the President "ought to be required to use Tennessee mules."

The printed reports of such discussions as these will in twenty years or so be regarded with the same sort of curiosity as that with which we read objections once made to the introduction of steam and of labor-saving machinery of various kinds.

* * *

A business man intimately connected with the automobile industry recently gathered a mass of data on the cost of automobiling and its influence in promoting the circulation of money It is estimated that 146,000 cars are in use at the present time in the United States; and that in the year 1908 the amount spent in buying cars amounted to $122,000,000. But this represents only a fraction of the total circulation brought about by the industry. As the investigation in question says:

"For such an aggregate value of cars sold, it means, first, a thousand shops in allied work produce parts doing an independent business, of course contingent upon the vehicle producer, running into the millions; the railroads do an enormous freight business to distribute the product; agents and branch houses throughout the country are paying rentals aggregating millions of dollars, preparing for the marketing and distribution of the product; and the makers of sundries and accessories in several thousand shops are preparing to supply the varied and fastidious wants of the purchaser and user of cars."

In addition to these expenditures there are many others, such as cost of fuel and lubricants, repairs, license fees, maintenance or rental of garages, insurance, damages, travelling expenses, advertising, etc.

The direct producers of automobiles alone are paying in wages to factory hands thirty to forty millions yearly, and allied shops making component parts for cars are paying disbursements of tens of millions of dollars. The circulation of money involved in the automobile business, the shift of credits or the turnover of business, of the different shops or works, and the disbursements incident to activities and new developments resulting from operation of motor-cars, without consideration of the innumerable detailed expenditures, have run well in excess of $467,000,000 in a year.

These figures throw light on the phenomenal growth in popularity of the automobile, and the importance and extent of the industry built and building on this popularity.

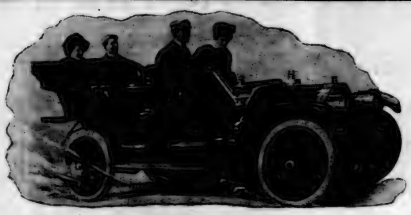
* * *

The White House stable, so comes the news from Washington, is no more. It has become the White House garage. The feed bins have given place to the gasoline tank. The coachman has made, or will make his exit; the chauffeur has entered into possession. What is to become of the Presidential horses and carriages is not stated. It may be presumed that some of these will be retained for state occasions. But for ordinary travel about Washington and its environs President Taft will use a car—several cars. He is not a horseman, as was President Roosevelt—this for reasons obvious to everybody, for Mr. Taft's photographs have appeared numerously of late.

PNEUMATIC.

By Roy Pelletier and Frederick Wagner, for Detroit Automobile Show.

A popular idea used to prevail that all teas were pretty much alike, but "Salada" Tea is proving a pleasant surprise to thousands of particular tea-drinkers. Sold by grocers everywhere.



The Unquestioned Superiority of the Oldsmobile

IS BASED UPON THESE THREE VITAL POINTS:

(1) **Reliability** (2) **Accessibility** (3) **Comfort**

Don't experiment. Don't trust to luck. Buy a car with a reputation —a car that by "making good" every day for years, has won the right to be considered the standard by which the others are judged. The name Oldsmobile on your car is a guarantee of superiority.

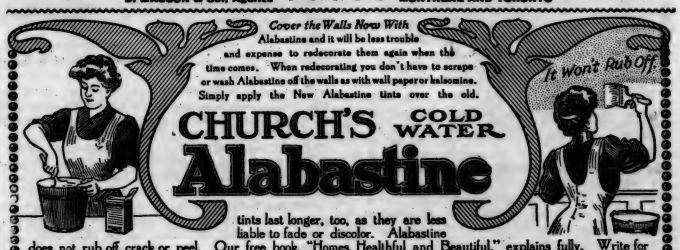
THE OLDSMOBILE CO., OF CANADA, Limited

FREDERICK SAGER, Manager — 80 King Street East, TORONTO

Fry's Milk Chocolate

PUREST
MOST DELICATE
CHEAPEST

D. MASSON & CO., Agents - - - - - MONTREAL AND TORONTO



tints last longer, too, as they are less liable to fade or discolor. Alabastine does not rub off, crack or peel. Our free book, "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," explains fully. Write for a copy. Many interior decoration schemes illustrated. A 5 lb. package Alabastine 50c, at the hardware store.

THE ALABASTINE CO., LIMITED 24 WILLOW STREET, PARIS, ONTARIO

A Car that costs enough to be strictly high grade--a Car that is worth every dollar it costs

RUSSELL

RUSSELL MODEL L, $2,000

Price is the very last thing to consider in buying a car—the *very last.*

"Makers' talk," you say? Not at all. It is, or should be, buyers' talk, for it bears directly upon the interests of the buyer, who parts with his money and keeps the car.

Price may mean little or much—you cannot tell which unless you know exactly what you are getting. Many a price is not based on value, but on the amount which an article *may be made to bring. Buy your automobile by its VALUE—consider the car before you consider the price.*

Russell Model L (24 horsepower) is the finest car in Canada at anywhere near $2,000—absolutely the finest, no exceptions whatever. Comparison will instantly establish that fact.

Its durability, power, riding qualities and looks are more than you would expect.

And it has, of course, those standard features—shaft drive, selective transmission, metal-to-metal clutch, nickel steel driving mechanism, etc., without which no car is strictly high-grade.

It is a very economical car to maintain—easy on tires and saving on fuel and oil. Even fully equipped it costs but $2,200.

RUSSELL THIRTY, MODEL H, $2,500

A larger, more powerful motor than Model L—an added touch of luxury and style. Built on very striking lines and magnificently finished.

Get the Catalogue.. Ask for a Demonstration.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited, West Toronto

Makers of High Grade Automobiles

TORONTO BRANCH: 20-22 ADELAIDE ST. WEST.

BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD

Probably you have had about a dozen kinds of bread recommended to you as the "best."

Has Bredin's home-made been one of them? or have Bredin's the pleasure of introducing it to you?

It is a loaf of good, wholesome, rich tasting bread. Pleases every home that it reaches — which is shown by the increased demand every day for "home-made."

5 cents the loaf.

Bredin's Bakeshops, 160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761.

Chas. Potter, 85 Yonge St.
C. B. PETRY, Proprietor

Experienced Opticians Do All Eye-testing at Potter's

You cannot afford—hardly dare have your eyes tested by any other than an experienced and studiously careful optician.

Because this rule, and none other, prevails here, explains the confidence reposed in this house for now fifty years.

Always correct eye-testing. Always correct glasses.

POTTER, OPTICIAN, TORONTO

WEDDING CAKES

from WEBB'S are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada; safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

The Harry Webb Co. Limited
447 Yonge St., Toronto

IF YOU HAVE A BAGGY CHIN

and flabby cheeks and neck, that are all out of shape, to say nothing of lines and wrinkles, you can have the contour of the former restored and the latter removed by

OUR FACE AND NECK TREATMENTS
(The kind we give)

These are superior to any obtainable elsewhere. Full particulars in our booklet, "A study of your face and figure." Mailed free on request.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, warts, etc., removed permanently by our reliable method of antiseptic Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured in all cases.

HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
61 College Street, Toronto
Tel. M. 831

"Ideal" Orchids
makes the
Ideal Easter Perfume

FRAGRANT
AND
LASTING

Sold by Your Druggist

You will appreciate the saving made by having us dye or clean your soiled or faded clothing. Years of experience in the cleaning and dyeing of fine garments, household articles, curtains, draperies, gloves, etc., has made us so proficient that you simply cannot know the possibilities of this kind of work without consulting us—work that your local cleaner knows nothing about.

Send for our New Booklet, It's Free.

"My Valet"
FOUNTAIN, THE CLEANER

Phones Main 5900, 5901
30 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

Eighteenth Withrow Tour
British Isles and Europe
ILLUSTRATED PROGRAM.
244 Jarvis St. - - Toronto.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE engagement of Miss Dora Elizabeth Benson, fourth daughter of Rev. Manly Benson, D.D., and grand-daughter of the late Hon. Judge McCrae, and William Arthur Meighen, M.D., of Perth, is announced. Their marriage will take place in the Welland ave. Methodist church, St. Catharines, in Easter week.

Mrs. Wolhaupter, of New York, (*nee* Hughes, of St. Thomas) is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Douglas, 19 Roxboro street east. On Monday, Mrs. Douglas had some old friends to tea to meet her guest, and a pleasant hour was spent. On Thursday, Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis invited some friends to meet Mrs. Douglas and her sister, who were old schoolmates of hers. Further pleasant reunions of the same coterie are being planned for the near future.

A very large crowd of invited guests and others who dropped in for a look at the pictures, were entertained by Mrs. Charles Sampson, of Chicago, and Mrs. Stone, of Rosedale, last Saturday afternoon, at the Canadian Art Club. Mrs. Charles Sheard who was to have shared this pleasant duty was unfortunately a victim of the prevailing malady, a severe cold and was confined to her home. The tea-table was done with daffodils, and the refreshments were dainty, while hostesses and assistants were most kind and attractive. To-day will be the last day upon which the public will be admitted to the exhibition.

Miss Enid Wornum has returned to Penetang. She was unfortunate enough to contract grippe, and was laid up for the last week of her Toronto visit. Mrs. Cattermole has been suffering from her eyes, necessitating a darkened room, and was very glad to welcome her daughter home.

Talking of Penetang reminds me that I heard extensive improvements are in contemplation for Minnicoganashene, where last summer was so much enjoyed by a vast number of holiday folk. Just as soon as spring comes to stay, the new tennis ground will be finished. The same success which attended the new management last year will no doubt continue next summer.

Mrs. Henry C. Osborne, who has been in hospital for some weeks, was sufficiently better to return to her home in Rosedale road this week. During her sojourn in hospital her many friends kept her room a perfect bower of lovely flowers, and as she was not seriously indisposed, the fair invalid had not a too tedious time of it.

Much sympathy is felt for the Misses Harris of St. George street in the loss of their sister, Mrs. Cox, who died very suddenly from a paralytic stroke last week. The Misses Harris returned to town after the funeral, which took place, I believe, on Monday.

The "Parliamentary Dinners" given by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor at Government House to the members of the Cabinet and Parliament during the session are now *en train*. One was given on Thursday evening, March 11, and next Thursday, March 23, a second will be the event of that evening. I heard a rumor that Mrs. Gibson may hold a reception after Easter, but do not know if such is confirmed.

Toronto friends who had the pleasure of meeting Viscountess Templetown during her visit to Canada two or three years ago, will sympathize with her in the serious illness of her aged mother, the Dowager Countess of Winchilsea, who is said to be not likely to recover. Lady Winchilsea had a stroke of paralysis some weeks ago at Folkestone, where she now lies os very ill, and where the most awful weather, with deep snow, was the rule the first week in March. Lady Templetown is in attendance upon her mother.

Mrs. J. C. MacDougall and Master Duncan MacDougall have been at the Welland, St. Catharines, for the past ten days.

Dr. Hatton, of Granada, is visiting his mother and brothers in Peterboro. He was in Toronto, and visited his old Alma Mater last week. He is Government Medical Officer at Granada, and is now on leave. Mrs. Hatton is with her husband.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore was assisted at his recital last Saturday by Miss May Hinckley and Mr. Fitzhugh Goldsborough. The hall was fairly well filled with smart people, and the audience was quite enthusiastic. Mr. Beardmore is going abroad directly, and Mrs. Beardmore will spend the summer with her people down the St. Lawrence.

Mrs. Blewett has Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone McKay, of Woodstock, on a visit, and asked some friends to meet her on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Dora Benson has been in town for a short visit on her way from Montreal to St. Catharines.

The portrait of Mrs. J. M. Gibson (*nee* Malloch, of Hamilton), wife of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, which is published this week, is one of the latest taken of that amiable lady. The temporary seclusion of the hostess of Government House and her daughters has been a cause of much regret to their Toronto friends, who are hoping to see more of them in the post-Lenten days.

MRS GIBSON
Wife of His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor.

Mrs. and Miss Glass returned to London on Saturday. Mrs. Chester Glass and her beautiful young daughter, Dorothy, who had been in Toronto for a short visit, spent a few days in Galt, and then went up to London, where Miss Dorothy is to be one of Miss Nonie Carling's bridesmaids in Easter week. Miss Olive Peters, another London bride-elect, will also be wedded in Easter week.

Mr. Harry Wethy, nephew of the Misses Windeat, has been appointed to a managership in the bank with which he is connected. He is at present in Winnipeg, where his wife (*nee* Ruttan) always resided.

The exodus to England continues, and among those who will go over later are Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Chapman.

Miss Mary Yates is visiting Mrs. Ramsay Wright. Mrs. Worthington, of Quebec, is visiting her father, Mr. H. H. Cook, in Dowling avenue. Miss Dorothy Skill has returned from Hamilton.

Mr. Arthur Anglin and family are settled in the Cassels house, 70 Grosvenor street, where Mrs. Anglin received on Tuesday.

Miss Anna Jennings is *en pension* at Bloor street east, the old De Blaquiere mansion.

Mrs. Arnold Ivey gave two large bridge parties last week at her home in Isabella street. The pretty prizes were warmly contested for and highly prized. Tea was served from a spring-like table decorated with violets, lily of the valley and daffodils. Mrs. Ivey was, as usual, beautifully gowned, and the guests were in their smartest frocks.

Miss Maude Hirschfelder, who is with her sister, Mrs. Newman, 29 South Drive, is being welcomed back to Toronto by her many old friends.

Mrs. Kemp, of Castle Frank, gave a small bridge on Thursday.

The engagement of Miss Jean Ethel Kilgour, daughter of Mr. David E. Kilgour, and Dr. Walter H. Cameron, of Victoria Mines, is announced. Their marriage takes place this month.

The brightest of preparations are *en train* for the series of Dickens productions which will be given in Guild Hall next week by the Dickens Fellowship players. On Tuesday and Thursday "Little Nell" will be played, and that most appealing of all Dickens' characters will be ably presented. Miss Walters (of Tilly Slowboy fame) will play "The Marchioness," and is sure to make a hit. Miss Merry plays Sally Brass, the hard-as-nails mistress, and Mr. Bell-Smith "Grandfather." "The Cricket on the Hearth" will be played on Wednesday and Friday evenings. It is interesting to know that the Toronto Branch of the Dickens Fellowship has reached its limit of one thousand members. The president, Mr. E. S. Williamson was recently congenially employed in starting a promising branch in Montreal. The Hamilton branch has now nearly four hundred members.

Among those who responded to Mrs. Charles Sampson's invitation to take tea at the Canadian Art Club last Saturday afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. W. Chadwick, Dr. and Mrs. Pepler, Dr. and Miss Day, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Ross McKinnon, Mrs. W. O. Forsythe, Miss Sheridan, Miss Marguerite Pigott, Miss Julie Gillespie, Mr. G. R. Sweeny, Dr. Nicolai, Dr. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Thompson, Miss Von Stuttaford, Miss Durand, Mr. and Mrs. Dinnick, Mr. Hawes, Mrs. Blewett, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Richardson, Dr. Hardy, Rev. Laurence and Mrs. Skey, Mr. W. A. Langton, Rev. and Mrs. A. R. Gregory.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir spent the week-end at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Ivan Senkler, of Vancouver, is still visiting her brothers in the Queen's Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stewart and their family of five fine children are living in North Cobalt, and give glowing accounts of that stirring locality, even the letter paper containing the cheery legend "Come and see us and watch us grow."

Mrs. Walter S. Lee will visit England this season to see her little grand-daughters, Aileen and Marjory Selwyn.

With the feast of St. Patrick falling at mid-Lent, it might have been expected that some very jolly and notable entertaining would have been in progress, but beyond two or three jolly dinners and a number of theatre parties very little was done. The theatres are attracting many patrons this week. Mrs. Fiske as "Salvation Nell," is giving a very fine character study. Shea's has a good bill, and the Princess has that *rara avis* in theatrical offerings, something new.

Canon Cody's congregation are going to build a one hundred and fifty thousand dollar church. To secure a large enough site they will, I hear, purchase Sir John Boyd's property.

Mrs. Macdougall is up from Montreal on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Walker Bell.

Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Eaton have left for Europe.

Mr. C. W. R. Biggar sailed for England yesterday.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA, 4.05 P.M. AND 6.10 P.M. DAILY.

Via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley (the only double-track route). The 4.05 p.m. carries buffet-parlor-library-car and elegant coaches to Buffalo and Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia and New York. The 6.10 p.m. train has through Pullman sleeper Toronto to New York and parlor-library-cafe-car and coaches to Buffalo; also Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia. Make reservations and secure tickets at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Sts. Phone Main 4209.

DIRECT TO NEW YORK.

Canadian Pacific trains leave Toronto at 9.30 a.m., 3.45 p.m., 5.20 p.m. and 7.15 p.m. for New York, with through sleepers on two last named. The Hudson River "four-track route" is taken, landing passengers in the heart of New York City in faster time than by any other line.

A DELIGHTFUL TRAVEL PROGRAMME.

The Withrow Travel Programme is exceedingly attractive. It contains excellent illustrations and full information. The descriptive itinerary embracing a splendid route is of unusual interest. Send to 244 Jarvis street, Toronto.

When a man at the top falls from grace, there is naturally a mighty big splash.—Life.

REA'S STORE FOR WOMEN

Superb Suits for Spring—

Plain Tailored Suits in every one of the Season's stylish fabrics. Designed and finished with that carefulness to promise distinctiveness, rich appearance and wear satisfaction. Shades that the style leaders have pronounced correct.

Fancy Suits of the most desirable materials in all the newest shades; novelty trimmings, original and charming; finest quality linings. Every desire may be satisfied from the magnificent collection.

Devoting our entire attention to the selling of Women's wear exclusively, the undivided efforts of both the manufacturing and selling organizations are centred upon the securing and production of high-grade apparel at prices pleasing to all.

Those who choose now will do so from a complete style gathering.

A. E. Rea & Co., Limited
168 Yonge St., Toronto

YOU'RE LEADING A SEDENTARY LIFE

If you want to get exercise without fatigue, or loss of time from business visit Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths anytime day or night.

You will find that the Baths are invigorating, exhilarating and stimulating, taking the place of exercise without exertion or fatigue, and are a great luxury and an ideal way to spend an enjoyable time.

Open day and night.

A dainty bill of fare served at all hours.

Excellent sleeping apartments and rooms.

202-204 KING STREET WEST

LADIES' TAILORS
to exclusive dressers

SWIFT & CO.

SPECIALTY:
Fancy Gowns and Man Tailored Suits

Phone C. 5650. 688 SPADINA AVE.

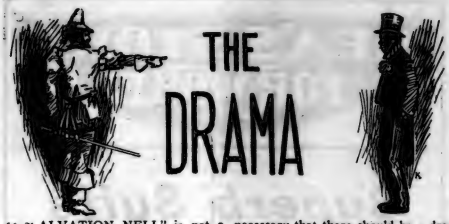
Kennedy Portrait Photographer
STUDIO:
107 West King Street

Score's

$25 SUITINGS AND OVERCOATINGS

Specially selected woolens direct from the mills—exclusive patterns—and the greatest values we've ever offered. Highest-class tailoring.

R. SCORE & SON, - 77 KING ST. W.



THE DRAMA

"SALVATION NELL" is not a great play, but it is greatly done—and that is a rare enough event in these commercial days of the drama when the production of a play is regarded in much the same light as a venture on margin, and when the requirements of art are so apt to be subordinated to those of the box office. But Mr. and Mrs. Fiske are producers of another type. With them a play is regarded as a work of art as well as a source of revenue, and any production which they present to the public is sure to be an artistic achievement, at least from the point of view of stage-management. And in this respect "Salvation Nell" is no exception.

When Edward Sheldon wrote this play of New York slum life, he had a high moral purpose in view. One is never allowed to forget this. The "uplift"—to use the favorite word of the social reformer—calls out to one from every scene. High moral teaching oozes out of the very scenery, flows over everything and everybody like a flood, and washes out over the footlights in a perfect cataract of evangelistic fervor. One wouldn't be very greatly surprised if, at the end of the last act, "Salvation Nell" and "Hallelujah Maggie" and the reformed tough, Jim Platt, were to come down and ask about the state of one's soul and whether or not one had found the light. But at the same time, while giving every credit to the play for conveying a noble lesson, it must be remembered that good intentions are proverbially supposed to pave a palace other than the palace of art. And it must be admitted that Mr. Sheldon's play is sketchy, that the characters are rather conventional and not particularly well drawn, and that altogether the production bears every evidence of being, what it is, the first work of a very young though very clever man.

Here, however, all fault-finding must end. It may be true that the play's the thing, and it is undoubtedly necessary that there should be a dramatic basis of some kind or other to work on. But once that basis is given, it is wonderful what a skilful

LOUIS JAMES
As Peer Gynt in Arabia.

producer can do. And that Mr. and Mrs. Fiske are among the most capable and most careful of producers has become a proverb of stageland. In this play they have given an instance of their art and their earnestness at the very highest. The staging of "Salvation Nell" is perfect—there is nothing to take away and nothing to add. The Bowery saloon in the first act and the final scene in the slums are superb pieces of stagecraft, the very finest expression of the stage manager's art. For completeness of detail they are not to be surpassed, and their fidelity to life are exceptional, even in these latter days of elaborate stage illusion.

As for the acting, the reputation of Mrs. Fiske and her companies for uniform excellence is, if anything, rather raised by it. In the whole enormous cast there is scarcely a member who does not make of his part, however insignificant, a perfect gem of fine workmanship. Even the children, of whom there are several, are finished little artists, and some of their work is among the most enjoyable of the performance. Mrs. Fiske herself is, of course, always Mrs. Fiske—the most intellectual of American actresses. And in the part of Nell Sanders she exhausts the artistic possibilities of every opportunity offered her—though these opportunities are neither so numerous nor so great as one would wish to see given her. Whether as scrub-woman or Salvation Army captain, she shows the same deep insight and restrained emotional power which made her Becky Sharp and her Tess classics of the American stage. But naturally she does not get the same chance to show her powers in their superb plenitude.

It is impossible in such a notice as this to mention in particular the different members of the unusually large cast, though almost all deserve it. One is obliged to pass them over with the general commendation "well done, good and faithful." But there are two who refuse to be disposed of in terms of general praise. They are Holbrook Blinn, whose Jim Platt is a magnificent piece of character work, carried out with splendid consistency and reserve power; and Hope Latham, who plays Myrtle Odell, a venal beauty, with a verve and cleverness almost shocking. These two people share the glory of the performance with Mrs. Fiske, who is never more herself in anything than in the unselfishness and artistic devotion, which make her always ready to subordinate herself to the needs of the work and to give every role its due prominence.

* * *

THERE are a lot of puzzling things about "The Witching Hour." The first is why it should have been called such a very inappropriate name, there not being an hour in all the twenty-four which has anything special to do with its action. The second puzzling thing is how a man who wrote such a rattling fine old melodrama as "Arizona" could have allowed himself to write such a very absurd hodge-podge as this. The fact of the matter is, "The Witching Hour" is a lot of dramatic balderdash about heredity and telepathy and hypnotism and goodness knows what not, in which a sermonizing gambler and a sentimental old mollycoddle of a judge and the weakest-kneed villain I ever saw on any stage and a half-baked young cub and some silly women get themselves into impossible tangles, to be extricated by impossible means just in time for the sympathetic applause of the "gods." And then there are talky places—my word, how long! how long!—in which all hypnotism and the rest of it is explained, until a mere ordinary spectator would wish to be thrown into a trance so that he might forget about it. And there isn't an actor or an actress—perhaps I should say a person—on the stage who does not declaim in the good old stilted melo-style, sacred to the memories of defunct "ten-twenty—thirty's." Altogether it is very poor stuff indeed, and it is only when one thinks of the good things coming to the Princess, Louis James and Lulu Glaser, that one can find any balm in Gilead.

* * *

A GLANCE over the current plays in New York seems to make it pretty clear that it is the English author nowadays who has reason to complain that America doesn't get a chance to like the things he writes. Beginning with the Academy of Music and travelling up as far as Fifty-ninth street, there are twenty-five theatres of the first-class devoted to the exhibition of legitimate plays or musical shows. The list does not of course include vaudeville. Of these twenty-five theatres all but seven are now sheltering attractions entirely written or composed by American authors. Of the seven that are tinctured with a foreign element only three are purely of alien origin.

* * *

THAT Mrs. Guy Du Maurier, wife of Major Du Maurier, D.S.O., author of "An Englishman's Home," is the daughter of a Canadian and a grand-daughter of Mr. Strachan Bethune, K.C., of 169 University street, Montreal, cannot fail to arouse much interest among Canadians. Mrs. Du Maurier was formerly Miss Gwendolyne Price, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Price, of London, England.

* * *

WITH a robust optimism which does credit to human nature, Mr. Kyrle Bellew expressed in Philadelphia last January his sanguine views anent the modern drama, says Agnes Repplier in Life. What he liked best about it was its fidelity to nature, its rejection of the "honeyed

DICK AND THE MARCHIONESS
Dickens Fellowship Players.

artificiality" which cloyed our helpless youth. "To succeed now," said Mr. Bellew, "a play must incorporate one original and practical idea. It must be a reflection of truth itself, devoid of theatrical artifices, and developed along the rigid lines of sincerity."

We wonder what successes of the past five years Mr. Bellew had in mind when he spoke. We wonder if the public could endure a reflection of life itself on the stage, or if the absence of theatrical artifices would not leave us gasping and forlorn. Certainly the artifices employed in "The Thief" are of an engagingly transparent nature; while the gentlemanly detective, whose profession nobody suspects, and the self-immolating lover who, to save the heroine's reputation, confesses a crime which he has not committed, are characters endeared to us by the intimacy of a lifetime. It is the same charm of the familiar which makes us hail in "The Man from Home" our dear old friend, the villain, who has stolen his friend's money, stolen his friend's wife, and betrayed his friend to the Russian police—a glorious triplet of crimes attainable only on the stage. We know, too, that in real life the "Music Master's" long lost daughter would be living in Seattle or Kansas City—if she hadn't died in infancy of the measles—but we are none the less pleased to see her open her father's door, as soon as Mr. Warfield's elaborate explanations have enabled us to grasp her identity. Aristotle's complaint that a Greek audience weakly wanted happy endings to their plays (Heaven knows they were not often gratified) proves that audiences have changed but little in the past two thousand years.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS.

Princess—Louis James in "Peer Gynt."
Royal Alexandra—"Girls."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"The London Belles."
Grand—Cole and Johnson.

The coming of Louis James to the Princess next week is an interesting event, not only on account of Mr. James's fine reputation and sterling qualities as an actor, but also because of the importance of the production in which he appears. "Peer Gynt" is probably the most striking of the many impressive conceptions of the great Norwegian dramatist, and has been by far the most widely discussed play of modern times. In the greatness of the problems with which it deals and also in the manner of its treatment it has been compared to "Faust." It is nothing less than a tragi-comedy of human life. The production Mr. James presents is the very ambitious one which was among the last achievements of Richard Mansfield. Mr. James got it from the Mansfield estate. This means that the scenery is of the most elaborate character, and that all the incidentals of staging are carefully attended to. An important feature of the production will be the Greig "Peer Gynt" suite.

* * *

"Girls," the Clyde Fitch play, which will have a return engagement at the Royal Alexandra next week, is too well known here to require a detailed description. It is a bright, clever comedy, full of interesting situations and snappy dialogue as are all Fitch's productions, and it has enjoyed a great success. The staging and acting are said to be excellent, as in the first production.

* * *

The vaudeville bill at Shea's Theatre next week will be headed by Irene Franklin, assisted by Bert Green at the piano. The special attraction for the week will be Charles Lovenberg's singing act "The Tuscany Troubadours." Other acts included in the bill are: Lawrence Grand, "The Irish Wizard"; Ben Welch, Claude and Fanny Usher, Brothers Damm, Charles Macdonald, and the Reading Sisters.

* * *

Rose Sydell and "The London Belles" burlesque company will hold the boards at the Gayety Theatre next week. The two-act musical comedy, "Affinity Bureau," by Tony Kennedy is the chosen medium for the artistic expression of the company. The advance agent promises "a real burlesque show" and all that it implies.

* * *

Bertha Kalich, in "The Unbroken Road," will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra during the week of March 29th. This is the first strictly American play in which the famous tragedienne has appeared.

* * *

William Faversham will come to Toronto on April 12th with "The World and His Wife," the play in which he attracted so much attention in New York. It is translated from the Spanish and is said to be a most interesting production. He will appear at the Royal Alexandra.

* * *

The Dickens Fellowship Players will give performances of "Little Nell" at the Guild Hall on Tuesday and Thursday of next week. The play is an original adaptation from "Old Curiosity Shop" by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith. On Wednesday and Friday "The Cricket on the Hearth" will be played. FIRST-NIGHTER.

PAMELIA
Chief Man-Hater in "Girls."

BOVRIL Helps You to Eat

Because it contains all the stimulating properties of beef in a concentrated form. This excites the appetite and makes you hungry.

BOVRIL Feeds You

Because it contains all the Albumen and Fibrin of the beef. These are the vital nourishing properties which make BOVRIL differ so essentially from all other preparations of meat.

Take
BOVRIL
Do not accept substitutes

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily, 25	Week of Mar. 22	Evenings 25 and 50

The Queen of Vaudeville.
IRENE FRANKLIN
In New and Original Character Songs.
LAWRENCE CRANE
"The Irish Wizard."
CLAUDE & FANNY USHER
Playing "Fagin's Decision."
BROS. DAMM
Acrobatic Feats of Strength.
BEN. WELCH
Original Hebrew and Italian Characters
CHAS. McDONALD
and The Reading Sisters.
THE KINETOGRAPH
New Pictures.

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION
Charles Lovenberg's
TUSCANY TROUBADOURS
High Class Singing Act.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP
COMPANY OF PLAYERS
will present
"LITTLE NELL"
Tues. and Thur., March 23rd and 25th,
and
"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"
Wed. and Fri., March 24th and 26th,
AT GUILD HALL
Prices, 75c and 50c., all reservable.
Plan open at Nordheimer's.

HEINTZMAN & Co. PIANO.

"It was not I; it was the piano"

was the comment of De Pachmann when showered with praises for his wonderful performance on the Heintzman & Co. Piano, in Massey Hall—the piano made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co., Ltd.

PIANO SALON:
115-117 King St. W. - Toronto, Can.

WHY

Has the dressy man of to-day discarded the glossy shirt and collar?

BECAUSE

Pure white domestic linen is certainly more refined and

YOUR GOODS WEAR LONGER

WE KNOW HOW

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY, LIMITED
167-169 Parliament St. - Phone Main 7486-7487-7488

ROYAL
ALEXANDRA
WEEK MARCH 22 | THURSDAY SATURDAY MATS.
First Time These Prices:—Evenings, Saturday Matinee 25c to $1.00. Thursday Matinee 25c, 50c, 75c
Return of Sam S. and Lee Shubert's production of
GIRLS THE MERRIEST CLYDE FITCH COMEDY
The play that kept New York laughing for a year.
NEXT—Bertha Kalich in "The Unbroken Road."

PRINCESS Commencing Monday Night **Mch. 22**
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
The Triumph of His Career
LOUIS JAMES IN IBSEN'S MASTERPIECE **PEER GYNT**
Richard Mansfield's Original Mammoth Production. Edward Grieg's Music by an Augmented Orchestra.
Fifty People — Chorus — Ballet — Auxiliaries

GAYETY DAILY MATS LADIES 10¢
BURLESQUE & VAUDEVILLE
ROSE SYDELL'S LONDON BELLES
EVERY FRIDAY AMATEUR NIGHT Phone M 6606

12 and 14 Pembroke St.
H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc. (Tor.)
Musical Director.
Branches at 215 De Grassi Street, 241 Ossington Avenue, 103 Dundas Street, West Toronto.
Calendar and Syllabus mailed upon request.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
Voice Culture
Vocal Teacher, St. Margaret's College, Moulton College, Toronto. Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music. Residence—23 "La Plaza," Charles Street.

CARL H. HUNTER
Tenor
Pupils prepared for Concert and Opera.
Studio: Room 53, Nordheimer Bldg.

THE MODEL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Limited
193 Beverley Street
Full information on application
SPRING TERM
January 29 to April 8, inclusive.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
Solo Violinist.
Studios for teaching—Conservatory of Music.
168 Carlton Street.

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio—1726 Queen Street West.
Voices tested free.

MIRIAM WILLIAMS BROWN
Instructor in Wycliffe College and Toronto Normal School.
Training of the Speaking Voice, Reading, Recitation, Oratory.
232 Bloor Street West.

DAVID ROSS
Solo Baritone
Studio for Lessons. Guild Hall, McGill Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone, M. 2097.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
For teachers and Children
Mrs. C. Farmer, 750 Bathurst Street
Advanced Piano and Theory
E. J. Farmer, B.A., A.T.C.M.
Pupil of Schreck, Hofmann and Wendling, Leipsic. 750 Bathurst St., or Toronto Conservatory of Music. Phone, College 3791.

MRS. JESSIE ALEXANDER ROBERTS
Instruction in the Art of Expression as applied to Public Speaking, Recitation and the Drama.
108 Admiral Rd. - - Dupont Cars.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
prepares his pupils for Church, Oratorio, Opera, Concert or Recital.
Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings. Studio: 3 Carlton Street.

ADA J. F. TWOHY
Mus. Bac.
Solo Pianist and Accompanist.
Member Piano Faculty Toronto Conservatory of Music. Address, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR
of Toronto
A. S. VOGT, Conductor
For all information regarding concerts, membership in chorus, etc., address T. A. Reed, Secretary, 219 Markham Street, Toronto.

A. EASTER SMITH
Fellow of College of Violinists, London, Eng. Solo Violin and Viola.
Studio at Toronto College of Music.

MARLEY R. SHERRIS
Concert Baritone
Soloist, First Church of Christ, Scientist.
Studio: The Bell Piano Co., Yonge St. Residence—222 Cottingham Street.

MISS JOSEPHINE P. SCRUBY
(Pupil of F. King Clark, Paris.)
Voice Production and Singing.
Studio Havergal, Ladies' College, 354 Jarvis Street.

FRANCIS COOMBS
Teacher of Singing.
Studio—Nordheimer's. Address 33 Radford Ave.

J. D. A. TRIPP
For piano instruction and Concerts.
Apply Toronto Conservatory of Music.

RUSSELL G. McLEAN
Baritone.
Studio for Instruction, Room No. 12, 249 College St., cor. Spadina.

DR. ALBERT HAM
Voice Production and Singing
Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 541 Jarvis Street.

The Heart of a Piano is the Action
Insist on
"OTTO HIGEL"
Piano Action.

MUSIC

WHAT struck me when I first heard the Mendelssohn Choir was the absolute difference in kind, not the difference in degree, of its work as compared with other choral societies I had heard My professional work had brought me in close touch with the great singing societies of the world, and I had endeavored to carry out some ideals while drilling the glee-singers for the first American tour of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, and the Pastoral Players. But I was not prepared for what I heard the first winter I came back to Toronto and attended the Mendelssohn Choir concerts. Each season has increased my amazement, and I am more at loss than ever to account for the effects that Dr. Vogt produces. While in Chicago some of the most prominent vocal teachers and choir leaders asked me what I thought was the secret of Dr. Vogt's success. They are not the sort of men to whom one could say "hard work," for they were all earnest hard workers; and yet they could not account for it any more than I. Not one of them had ever heard anything like it, and one of them said: "It means that I shall go home and begin anew."

The critics in Chicago are, with but few exceptions, practical musicians of the widest experience. All of them have had opportunities of hearing the best the world has to offer, and without exception they acknowledged that their eyes had been opened and their ears unstopped. Take a man like Borowski, whom the senior critic of the city says "knows more than all of us." Words failed him when he tried to put on paper his impressions of our wonderful choir, despite the fact that he has a world-wide reputation as a composer, teacher, and writer on musical subjects. And the others were quite as enthusiastic and quite as much astounded Since the Chicago trip Dr. Vogt and the Mendelssohn Choir are the last word in choral music in America.

* * *

Last Tuesday night I attended the concert of the Clef Club of Buffalo, and heard the sincerest compliment that can be paid A. S. Vogt. Mr. Jury and his singers are the nearest approach to the Mendelssohn Choir that I have heard. They have some way to go yet, but they are on the right road, and I was delighted. To begin with, the intonation was faultless. When the orchestra entered after the unaccompanied interlude in Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, there was not the slightest difference in pitch, and throughout a long and exacting programme not once did they waver. Their diction was clear and clean. Not one word was lost even at the back of that large hall. Think of hearing another choir sing the "Lullaby" from the Elgar "Bavarian Highlands" suite after the Mendelssohn and really enjoying it! The balance of parts is fine, and in the main the tone quality is good, although the tenors force their voices a little when singing *forte*, and there is not the refinement of tone that such work as Mr. Jury is doing is bound to bring. He handled the orchestra very well. His beat is decisive and clear, and when his singers get more confidence in themselves and he can devote more of his attention to the orchestra, the *ensemble* will be better.

The Pittsburg Orchestra never played better than it did that night. Mr. Paur had prepared an especially attractive programme, and he won a tremendous triumph. The "Euryanthe Overture" and the "Tannhauser Overture" were electrifying, and the "Lyric Suite" by Grieg showed what a master of orchestral nuance he is. For one of his encores he played the ballet music from Schubert's "Rosamunde," and for a while it seemed as if he would have to repeat it, so enthusiastically was it received. One of the greatest treats of the evening was Charbrier's daring "Marche Joyeuse." It is the most hilarious musical joke I have ever heard, and Paur fairly radiated humor, and his own enjoyment of the composition would have moved the catacombs to laughter. Of course this meant something else, and he gave Schumann's "Traumerai."

Altogether I enjoyed the concert as much as any I have attended this winter, and I think that Dr. Vogt, the Mendelssohn Choir, and Toronto should be proud of Mr. Jury and the fine choir he is building in Buffalo. Buffalo expressed itself in no unmeasured terms, for it packed Convention Hall. Some day Mr. Jury may bring his choir to Toronto, and let us judge his work at the fountainhead, for he need not fear to be heard anywhere.

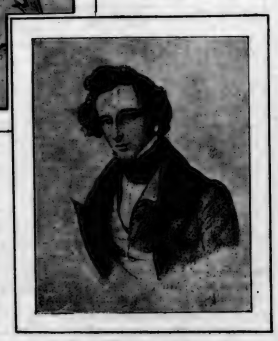
* * *

Mr. Frank Croxton, whom I think is one of the best of living bassos, scored a great success in last week's performance of "The Creation." His vocalization is marvelous and his musicianship enabled him to overcome difficulties that would have swamped most singers. He sings "Rolling in Foaming Billows" better than anyone I have ever heard, for he has the senority of Eduard DeReszke and the facility of Sembrich. I hope that he will be heard here next season under more favorable circumstances.

* * *

A number of Mr. Frank E. Blachford's pupils gave an excellent recital of violin music in the Conservatory Music Hall on Monday evening last, when the programme included the following numbers: "Wieniawski Mazurka," Mr. Erland Misener; De Beriot, "Concerto No. 9 (Finale) Allegro," Miss Ethel Evans; Borowski, "Adoration," Mr. Fred Bellinger; Svensden, "Romance," Master Emmanuel Rocheau de la Sabliere; Massenet, "Meditation de Ghais," Miss Beatrice Prest; De Beriot, "Air Varie, No. 7," Mr. Louis. Rottenberg; (a) "Drala Souvenir," (b) D'Ambrosia, "Serenade," Miss Effie Welch; Bruch, "Concerto, G minor, Adagio," Miss Rochelle Copeland; Hubay, "Hejre Kati" (Czardas Scenes), Miss Julia O'Sullivan.

Mendelssohn in his thirteenth year.



Mendelssohn at the age of twenty-t ree.

Mr. Blachford is to be congratulated upon the success of the recital, and while some of the pupils showed themselves to be possessed of talent above the average, all gave evidence of excellent tuition in their bowing, phrasing, intonation and other essentials characteristic of good violin playing.

The programme also included two piano solos: "Etude, C sharp minor," Chopin, played by Miss Florence Spencer, and the "Prelude Air and Rigaudon" from Grieg's "Holbert Suite," played by Miss Muriel Lillie, both young ladies being pupils of Mr. F. S. Welsman; and a vocal number, "The Almond Tree" (Schumann), sung by Miss Marion Trebilcock, pupil of Mr. A. T. Cringan.

* * *

I have just returned from a short trip in the States, where I saw some very glowing accounts of Mme. Jomelli's singing. Some of the papers said that she had made a more successful appearance than Nordica or Sembrich, and advised the local management to re-engage her. This will be good news to those who are to hear her Tuesday night with the People's Choral Union in Massey Hall. Madame Jomelli will sing the following numbers: Aria, "Thais," Massenet; "Spring," "Summer," Landon-Ronald; "Flower Rain," Edwin Schneider; "The Wind," Charles Sposs; Aria, from the opera "Louise Charpentier"; "The Call of Raaha," Harriet Ware; "Nocturne," Marguerite Warren; "Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute," Wakefield Cadman. Mr. Lissant Beardmore's numbers will be: "The Danza," Chadwick; "Sweet Wind That Blows," "A Maid Sings Light," MacDowell; "A May Morning," Denza; "Freundlich Vision," R. Strauss; "Morgen," Strauss; "Siegmund's Love Song," Wagner. The chorus of the society will sing: "The Bells of Aberdory," "Vennables," "O, Gladsome Light," from the Golden Legend, Sullivan; "Beware," Nessler; "Come, Dorothy Come"; "O, Canada," Richardson; "The Lass of Richmond Hall," Leslie; Excerpts from "Gallia," Gounod.

* * *

Mme. Emma Eames, late of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Emilio de Gorgoza, the baritone who carried the audience by storm when he first appeared here and sang Figaro aria from Rossini's "Barber of Aville," will be heard in Massey Hall on the 29th inst. Mme. Eames has long held the palm for beauty at the Metropolitan Opera House, and, coming so soon after Mme. Jomelli, Toronto audiences will have an opportunity to compare these sharply contrasted types of beauty, and styles of singing. Gorgoza is in a class by himself. His voice and style are unlike any of the singers prominently before the public, and in personal popularity he rivals Schumann Heink.

* * *

I want to pay a tribute to Mr. G. H. Parkes, who managed the Chicago trip of the Mendelssohn Choir. It was the best thing of its kind I have participated in. Nothing was left to chance, and every possible contingency had been anticipated and discounted. Such a comprehensive grasp of detail, especially the details that are not in his regular profession, is astounding. Approximately three hundred people were taken from their homes and carried hundreds of miles, fed and housed and returned in perfect condition. No wonder the Mendelssohn Choir succeeds when Dr. Vogt can draw around him the devotion of such men as Mr. Parkes.

* * *

This afternoon Mr. Wheeldon will play the following: "Overture to Raymond," by Thomas; his own "Berceuse"; the first part of Elgar's "Sonata"; an arrangement of Svendsen's "Romance"; the "Hymn of Thanksgiving," from German's "Henry the 8th" Suite; Wostenholme's "Fantasie Rustique"; and a Barcarolle and march by Hoffman. The recital begins promptly at four.

* * *

Dr. Torrington has never had better material under him than at the present time, nor has ever been more energetic and enthusiastic. Consequently this year's performance of Gounod's "Redemption" will surprise even his best friends. I am glad that he has engaged Mr. David Ross to sing the part of the Narrator, which he did so beautifully last year. Mr. Strong, the tenor, is not so well known here as the other soloists, but he is being highly spoken of wherever he has sung this season.

MELOS.

(*See also page* 18.)

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
College Street and University Avenue.
Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.
Musical Director.
ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC TAUGHT BY THE BEST OF SPECIALISTS.
Send for 160 Page Calendar.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.D., Principal.
SPECIAL CALENDAR.
Public Reading, Oratory, Physical Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
Concert Baritone.
Teacher of Singing. Vocal Director Ontario Ladies' College. Studio—Nordheimer's 15 King Street East. Phone Main 4669.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE
Baritone
Choirmaster Bond St. Cong. Church.
JESSIE DUCKER-GILLESPIE
Violin and Piano.
Studio—155 King Street East, Standard Bank Chambers.
Residence—10 Beaconsfield Ave.
Phones—Main 2803, Park 1566.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portrait Painter, Studio, 24 King St. West.

THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL of Literature and Expression
North St., TORONTO
MRS. SCOTT RAFF, - Principal
Students may register for Spring Term on March 10th. Special classes for the next ten weeks in Shakespeare, Browning, Recitation and Criticism, and Platform Deportment.
For particulars telephone North 4544.
Lecture Recital Course.
Thursday evening, March 25th "Irish Drama."
Mrs. Scott Raff.
Admission 25c. and 50c.

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT
Choirmaster Church of St. Thomas, Huron St.
cal Culture. Studios: Parish House and 97 Yonge St. Residence: St. George Mansions.

New Vocal Studio
MISS MARIE C. STRONG
Tone Production and Singing
Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E.

THE MISSES STERNBERG
Dancing, Physical Culture and Fencing. Simpson Hall, 734 Yonge St. Office hours, 2-6 p.m., excepting Thursdays and Saturdays.
Prospectus on application.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Piano, Organ, Theory
Studios at Nordheimer's and Toronto College of Music.
Residence—48 Hawthorne Avenue, Rosedale. Phone, North 2957.

MRS. ALFRED JURY
of Buffalo
Scientific Vocal Instruction.
Studio, Bell Piano Warerooms, 146 Yonge St., Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

AN. REW ROSS LOVE
Voice Production and Singing
Studio, Gerhard Heintzman, 97 Yonge Street. Phone 1463.

FRANK C. SMITH
Violinist
Pupils. Concert Engagements
Studio—R. S. Williams, 149 Yonge Street.

ARTHUR E. SEMPLE
Flautist
Toronto Symphony Orchestra.
Toronto Festival Orchestra
Concert Engagements
Studio, 164 Grace St. Phone Coll. 4686.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
Pianist
Studio for lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—39 Willcox Street.

H. ETHEL SHEPHERD
Soprano, Concert and Oratorio. Pupil of Oscar Saenger, New York; Frank King Clarke, Paris; Jean de Reszke, Paris. Voice instruction. Studio Toronto Conservatory of Music.

W. A. SHERWOOD
Portrait Painter, 2 1-2 Queen St. E. Over Bank of Montreal.

Gourlay Pianos

Canada's Most Nearly Perfect Instruments

Musically and structurally they are more nearly perfect than other first-class pianos. They are a decided advance beyond first-class; they are improved pianos—improved in tone, touch, scale, sounding-board, back, pin-block and in every other detail.

EVERY IMPROVEMENT

is a real improvement—not a mere talking point. Our experience with the world's best pianos has enabled us to test every original idea in piano-building—valuable and otherwise. In Gourlay pianos we have embodied those ideas which are valuable—the others are left out.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming
188 Yonge Street, TORONTO
Hamilton: 66 King St. W.

The "MORNING COAT" Supersedes the "FROCK"

For the Smart Young Man of To-day

About a year ago there was introduced in London Town, the fashion of wearing the "morning coat" in place of the "frock," at formal functions—and while the custom was, and still is, chiefly confined to the younger set, it soon became quite general—until to-day this type of garment occupies a well-defined place in the formal dress of men.

Always alert to keep our patrons in touch with the world's acknowledged style centre, and to enable them to be as up-to-date as is compatible with good taste, we were among the first Canadian tailors to advise the adoption of the "morning coat" for weddings, church-going, teas, receptions, and informal evening wear. The suit illustrated above represents our idea of all that is best in this style of garment—the use of braid, however, being optional with the wearer. Soft-finished cheviots and vicunas are the correct materials, and in these we show a wide range of superlative quality.

You should not let Easter Sunday find you unpossessed of such a coat.

Bilton Bros.

TORONTO and WINNIPEG

"SEEING IS BELIEVING"

Our new Spring Styles in women's shoes are handsomer than ever.

DROP IN AND SEE THEM.

BLACHFORD

114 YONGE STREET

MASSAGE AND MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.
John F. Rubbins
Graduate National Hospital, London, Eng. Recommended by the medical profession.
Phone North 1629.

COMPLETE RANGE
Bath Slippers
AND
Bath Robes
TO MATCH
Special Spring NOVELTIES Best Values
We feature popular price lines for Women and Men. Prices $3.00 to $8.50.
Samples sent by request.
WREYFORD & CO.
85 KING ST. WEST.

ANECDOTAL

A STORY is told of the visit to England of the late Sir George Etienne Cartier, when he was a leading figure in the Canadian Government, and of an answer he made to the late Queen Victoria that won Her Majesty's favor and caused the Queen to take a friendly interest in the Canadian statesman

Sir George—or Mr. Cartier, as he then was—was a guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle, and in the course of a conversation Her Majesty enquired about the great bridge at Montreal.

"Mr. Cartier," said the Queen, "I hear that the Victoria Bridge at Montreal is a very fine structure. How many feet is it from shore to shore?"

"When we Canadians build a bridge," was the reply, "and dedicate it to Your Majesty, we measure it not in feet but in miles."

The Queen was so pleased with the answer that she talked for an hour to the Canadian.

* * *

FRENCHMEN of every rank and class dearly love titles. The manager of a Paris insurance company was decorated with the Legion of Honor a few days ago, and the clerks in the employ of the company presented him with a piece of plate to which their visiting cards were attached.

On looking over these he was a good deal puzzled and amused by the visiting card of the office "boy," an old soldier from the Invalides, who was employed to open the office doors from 9 to 4. Under the man's name was the title "the emperor's orderly." He sent for the old soldier, who stumped in and saluted.

"Of what emperor are you the orderly, and how?" he asked. The old Invalide drew himself up to attention.

"I am the orderly of the emperor," he said. "Napoleon, la petit corporal."

"But he is dead. He has been dead some time," answered the puzzled manager.

"I dust his tomb for him," growled the old soldier.

* * *

"JACK, I'm grieved to hear that you have lately told your mother several falsehoods. This cuts me to the heart, my boy," said a father, with stern pathos. "Always tell the truth, even though it may bring suffering to yourself. Will you promise me?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well. Now go and see who is knocking at the door. If it's about the dog license, say I'm not at home. That's a good boy."

* * *

AT Portsmouth, N.H., where they were to unveil a statue to the memory of T. B. Aldrich, during an author's argument on international copyright, Thomas Nelson Page broke up a rather acrimonious discussion by deftly interposing a story.

"After all," he said, "there is not much real help in that idea. It is such an idea as emanated from the mind of a hard, cruel sea captain.

"In mid-ocean the cook approached the captain timidly.

"'Captain,' he said, 'the men are growlin' about the beef. They say they can't chaw it nohow. They say it's only fit to mend their sea boots with.'

"'How much beef are you giving 'em, cookie?' the captain asked.

"'A pound apiece a day, sir,' said the cook.

"'Well,' said the captain, gently, 'give them half a pound apiece from now on. I should be sorry to force 'em to eat what isn't to their taste.'"

* * *

WHILE shopping in a department store two young Chicago matrons became interested in the negotiations of a middle-aged man, unaccompanied by any woman, whose progress through the establishment, it so chanced, coincided with their own

"Odd sight—that of a mere man shopping," said one.

"Yes. I've watched him with considerable interest. He's either a married man or a widower."

"Why that conclusion?" asked the other young woman, surprised.

"I've observed that, as each purchase was made, he would turn his back to the salesgirl when he took out his money."

THERE is a physician who numbers among his patients his sister-in-law, who is something of a hypochondriac.

Recently she sought out the doctor, to whom she confided her opinion that, in her present condition, she ought to go to Hot Springs for treatment.

"The very thing," agreed the doctor. "I was thinking of that myself. I'll give you a letter to an old friend of mine there, a most skilful physician, and I have no doubt he'll take every care of you."

The next day, as the patient sat in her Pullman thinking it over, it occurred to her that, as long as her brother-in-law had attended her, he had never given her any precise statement of her real ailment. Accordingly she decided to open the sealed letter which he had addressed to the Hot Springs doctor, in order that she might gain the desired information. The friend who accompanied her endeavored to dissuade her from this step, urging that it would constitute a breach of confidence but this counsel proved of no avail, and the patient proceeded to read:

"Dear Hallett: Keep the old lady a month and then send her back."

* * *

A WORTHY tradesman was discussing optics with a customer the other day, apropos of the latter's appearance with his first eye-glasses.

"I've been wearing this pair of spectacles for nearly twenty years now," remarked the tradesman, "and my wife a pair just like them for the same time, and now we couldn't either of us see without them, and we never had anything the matter with our eyes in the first place."

"What did you begin to wear them for, then?" inquired the customer.

"Why, you see," explained the other, in a matter-of-fact manner, "when my brother-in-law died he left the two pair of spectacles, and we couldn't sell them for anything like what they were worth."

* * *

BOTH boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes papa," said Maurice; "I'm going to make believe I am asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."

* * *

THE two little daughters of a clergyman were overheard discussing their future the other day.

"When I grow up," said Mary, "I'm going to be a school teacher."

"Well, I'm going to be a mother with four children," said Stella.

"Well, when they come to my school I'm going to whip them, whip them, whip them."

"You mean thing!" said Stella as the tears came into her eyes. "What have my poor children ever done to you?"

* * *

CHANNING POLLOCK, in The Smart Set for April, tells this reminiscent yarn:

It isn't more than eight or nine years ago that, travelling as advance representative of Grace George, I strode into the lobby of the Valentine Theatre, in Toledo. I was very new to "the business," very proud of my star, and rather inclined to stride. "Good morning," I said pompously to the young man in the box office. "I'm ahead of Grace George."

"Who's she?" inquired that official, imperturbably.

"She's an actress," I replied, with hauteur, "and she appears in this theatre a week from Monday."

Subsequently, the young man apologized to me. "I don't want to hurt your feelings," he said, "but, honestly, I didn't know whether Grace George was a woman or a play by Clyde Fitch."

AT a business men's meeting in Atlanta there was under discussion an arrangement with the railroads that allowed merchandise to be shipped to and from that inland city on a through bill of lading. There was much joyous declamation and one orator explained in enthusiastic periods that Atlanta was now the equivalent of a seaport town and able to cope with all rivals.

Upon this a Savannahian, whose native city is the real seaport of Georgia, arose and said with some acerbity:

"If you Atlantans were to lay a pipe line to the sea and then suck as hard as you blow, you'd be a real seaport in no time at all."

* * *

THE fiance of a certain girl has been spending the winter in Florida in connection with his father's business interests in that quarter.

"Marie," said the girl to a friend the other day. "Walter has just sent me the dearest little alligator from Florida!"

"Dear me!" rejoined Marie, with affected enthusiasm. "And how shall you keep him?"

"I'm not quite certain," was the reply, "but I've put him in Florida water till I can hear further from Walter."

* * *

IN a London drawing-room recently the hostess said to a comfortable-looking lady, the widow of a wealthy Midland manufacturer, who had been touring during the winter in the sunny south:

"Of course, you went to Rome, dear Mrs. Dash?"

"Rome!" replied the widow, vaguely and meditatively, "did we go to Rome, Ethel?"—to her daughter this.

"Yes, ma, you know we did, that big place where I bought those lovely silk stockings."

* * *

M. COLOMBIES, a merchant of Paris, had his revenge on a former sweetheart, a lady of Rouen, when he left her by his will a legacy of six thousand dollars for having, some twenty years before, refused to marry him, "through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor."

* * *

TWO ladies, who had known each other in years gone by, met on the street. One of them, who had been married for some years, was pushing a baby carriage in which were fine triplets, all girls. The other lady had been in the bonds of matrimony a couple of weeks.

"What beautiful children!" exclaimed the newly married one with much interest, after the two friends had exchanged greetings.

"Yes," replied the proud mother, "and it was the funniest coincidence. At our wedding supper the boys who played with my husband in the orchestra serenaded him and played 'Three Little Maids,' from 'The Mikado.' Isn't that queer?"

The newly married one gasped for breath and turned pale with horror.

"Merciful heavens!" she gasped, "at our wedding supper, a couple of weeks ago, Tom's friends serenaded him also, and they rendered the sextette from 'Lucia.'"

* * *

A PATRONIZING young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you very much."

* * *

THERE is a certain broker who insists that every clerk in his establishment shall present an immaculate personal appearance.

"If you care to retain your position in this house," said he one morning to one offender whom he had summoned to the private office, "you will have to devote more attention to your toilet. Why, man, you present the appearance of one who has not shaved for a week."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the clerk, "but I am raising a beard."

"That's no excuse," said the boss. "You must do that sort of thing outside business hours.

Do not be put off, insist on

DEWAR'S

"Special Liqueur"

Old Furniture, Rare China, and Antiques in General

These are features that add to the attractiveness of the home. In purchasing such goods it is important to deal with a reputable firm. JENKINS ANTIQUES are authentic, and their intrinsic worth is apparent to the connoisseur.

B. M. & T. Jenkins

Antique Gallery

422-424 Yonge St. - - Toronto

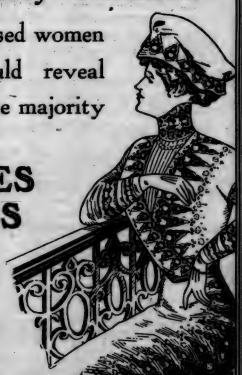
Investigation at any Society Function

where well-dressed women congregate would reveal the fact that the majority of them wear

FOWNES GLOVES

the kind that

Look Well
Fit Well
Wear Well



LABATT'S ALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

Over 20 Million cups of CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE were drunk in Canada during last year.

Why!

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

Lea's

"TID-BIT PICKLES"

The Piece de Resistence

PACKED IN TWELVE VARIETIES

The Lea Pickling and Preserving Co., LIMITED
SIMCOE, ONT.

IT HAS NO EQUAL
For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth and White at All Seasons

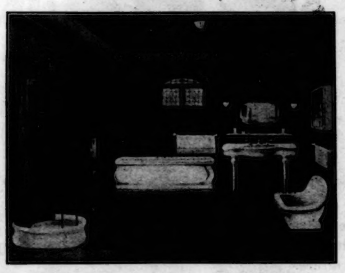
"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"
BEETHAM'S Glycerine and Cucumber
SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)
Sole Makers
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.
It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.

ALEXANDRA WARE

The highest development in sanitary bathroom fixtures.

Easy to instal; moderate in cost; handsome in appearance.



Your First Investment in Your Bathroom Equipment is Your Final One

if you instal **"ALEXANDRA" WARE**—You'll find it a source of unending satisfaction, by reason of its artistic appearance and its perfection from a sanitary standpoint.

The Standard Ideal Company Ltd

Sales Offices and Show Rooms
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

Head Office and Factories
Port Hope, Canada

TOMLIN'S BREAD

GOOD DIGESTION—GOOD HEALTH.

Our bread contains all the good qualities found in wheat. It satisfies hunger and furnishes all the nutriment needed. It is made under the best sanitary conditions and of the best materials the market affords.

You will find our bread is the well-browned, crispy,

RIGHT SORT OF LOAF.

It attracts the eye because of its ready-to-eat appearance. It is an excellent example of what the real

STAFF OF LIFE

means in bread.

H. C. TOMLIN, Manufacturer
420 to 438 Bathurst St. - - College 3561

Lady Gay's Column

THE telephone, while it makes life easier in a variety of ways, has a great deal to answer for. Whether it's Central (poor old abused Central, who so often has her head snapped off for the sins of some one else) or some stupid or careless person who will persist in calling you, when he evidently wants some one quite different, or merely the telephone bore who has nothing to say and takes fifteen minutes to say it—they are all temper raisers and causes of irritation which as likely as not you vent on the next ring. The other morning I was called out of my best last quarter hour nap at the early hour of eight-thirty by someone who asked in a catharal voice, "Is dat Reisenbaums?" The "No" that scooted over the wire had no doubtful tone, but in five minutes that gentleman with the influenza was again inquiring "Is dat Reisenbaums?" just as calmly as if he'd that moment thought of it. I hung up the 'phone in speechless disgust, and for the second time reposed myself. At 8.45 the 'phone pealed forth once more. It was a different voice which began "Is dat—?" I never waited for the Reisenbaum to strike me, but let loose a volley of expostulation (to put it very mildly) and shut off the 'phone once more. When for the fourth time the bell pealed in that "must-have-an-answer" way I was hurrying on some garments in what it wouldn't be true to call a pleasant frame of mind. "Is dat—?" Ye Gods! but wait! the voice continued, and proved to be the property of an excited and incredulous little French lady, who didn't want Reisenbaum but me, and couldn't believe her ears at all, when she got the rating intended for her immediate predecessor. Explanations would have taken too long, so I let it go, but I am still sorry Reisenbaum's friend escaped.

They have a new invention which may be attached to the 'phone so as to record not only what you say, but the exact tone in which you speak. It was on a 'phone through which I was talking a few days ago, though I was quite in ignorance, and what she said and what I said was reproduced for an amused party, who could recognize our voices easily. Next to the spectrophone, which they say takes your picture as you talk, I think the above is one of the most hideous developments going.

Did you ever notice the very different tone of one's thoughts on receiving the news of an engagement? It may be the culmination of one of those beautifully obvious courtships which have been a joy and delight to everyone and one receives it with a satisfaction that beams in the smile and warms the heart. It may be a surprise, pleasant or otherwise, rousing a protest or a startled endorsation; it may be that the news causes one to sit pondering, doubtful, maybe fearful of the possible result, when one party may be wild and wilful or enslaved with bad habits or of that coldly selfish type into whose care one would hesitate to trust an earthworm or a second best rubber doll! I have shuddered at the news of an engagement of two people whose natures could never blend, and have tried to see how hapless was the trial to make them do so. Talking of engagements, I see that Ethel Barrymore has once more—but she's always doing it, and then breaking off the troth, and leaving the victim of misplaced conceit or confidence feeling sore.

The little box of shamrocks came to hand early this week. There was a grand Irish mail in on Monday, and it took very little time indeed to plant the sturdy little roots in a tidy pot, and give them a taste of clear Canadian water, apologizing to them all the way, that it wasn't brown as tay, and faintly odorous of dead leaves and bog-oak, soaked for seven hundred years. The wee shamrock leaves are faint and pale, with here and there a brave touch of green, and the exquisite little shapes of them, tender, dainty, appealing. The significance of them, the preciousness of the memories that come with them, across from the brave North. Och, the eyes of me are watering them, as I think away off there! LADY GAY.

A land-agent in the great Northwest had just described the incredible riches of the region. Some one protested, and he defended himself, says a writer in The Outlook, with a paradox:

"The truth is so wonderful that it takes a whopper to express it!"

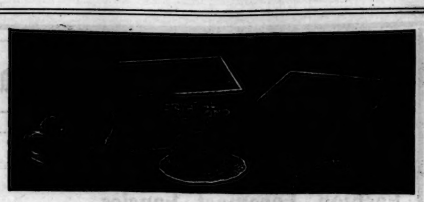
Society at the Capital

THE reception rooms of the House of Commons presented a brilliant scene on Wednesday evening, when the wives of several of the Cabinet Ministers held a large reception, the first of a series of three which they propose to give during the session. Their combined efforts resulted in the function being a pronounced success from every point of view, and between the hours of 9.30 and midnight the rooms were thronged with gorgeously gowned ladies and their attendants. Unfortunately Lady Laurier, who has been indisposed and confined to her room for some days, was unable to attend, but Sir Wilfrid very ably assisted the hostesses in the entertainment of their hundreds of guests, who included all the Senators and members of Parliament who are in town and their wives and daughters, as well as a goodly number of our citizens. All the Cabinet Ministers also were present. The floral decorations were carried out on a most elaborate scale, cut flowers and luxuriant palms being banked around the walls of the several rooms which are arranged *en suite*. An orchestra added music to the many other attractions offered. A buffet in the dining-room was beautifully arranged with myriads of fragrant flowers, and there delicious refreshments were partaken of and much appreciated, a small army of agile waiters being in attendance. The hostesses were: Mrs. W. S. Fielding, who wore a beautiful gown of white brocaded satin with trimmings of old rose pointe lace; Mrs. Frank Oliver, in violet chiffon velvet embroidered in gold; Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, who presented a regal figure in an exquisite creation of gold sequins over deep yellow satin; Mrs. William Paterson, in black lace over white satin; Lady Borden, looking extremely handsome in dark green chiffon velvet; Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, in black chiffon over white satin; Mrs. George P. Graham, wearing a very gracefully draped gray satin Empire gown trimmed with rich lace; and Miss Murphy, sister of the Secretary of State, who also wore a very handsome grey satin costume with lace trimmings. The Archduke John of Austria (Baron Ott) was among the guests, and Government House was represented by a party comprised of Lord and Lady Herbert, Miss Charteris, Capt. Newton, A.D.C., and Mr. Leveson-Gower.

Last Monday night saw what will probably be the last skating party of this winter, when the members of the Minto Club entertained a number of Montreal skaters, members of the Earl Grey Club, in the Arena. Among the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Joseph, Miss Anne Ewan, the Misses Mudge, the Misses Watt, Miss Maclean, Mr. and Miss McDougall, Mr. Hugh Walkem, Mr. Errol Hall, Mr. Gherrie, Mr. Chevalier, Mr. Garneau, Mr. Dudley Oliver, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Meagher. The rink was well filled with spectators, all of whom were much interested in watching the skaters who entered into a number of competitions during the evening, the prettiest and most novel o fwhich was a "chariot race." This consisted of two gentlemen being driven with reins by one of the most proficient lady skaters, and was won by Miss Aimee Haycock driving Mr. Meagher and Mr. Richardson of the visiting team. In the waltzing contest Miss Josephte Haycock and Mr. Dudley Oliver were judged to be the most graceful performers. The ladies who composed the reception committee were Mrs. Vernon Eaton, Mrs. Aylwin Creighton, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Elsie Ritchie and Miss Ada Davison. The evening wound up with the dancing of Sir Roger de Coverley, all those on the ice taking part. Several of the members of the Minto Club paid a return visit to the Earl Grey Club in Montreal on Friday, returning the same evening.

Bridge was the variety of entertainment offered most frequently during the week, and among the hostesses who contributed most enjoyable gatherings of this description were Mrs. J. K. Kerr, who gave a small party on Monday evening; Mrs. Remon, who on that evening also entertained eight tables of enthusiastic players of the game; Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar; Mrs. T. Ellery Lord, whose party on Thursday was in honor of her niece, Mrs. Walter Evans, of Belleville; Mrs. W. G. Perley, who on Thursday afternoon combined a "bridge" with a tea; Mrs. A. E. Fripp; and Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara, at whose charmingly arranged party on Friday afternoon nine tables were required to accommodate the players, Mrs. T. C. Bate and Miss Jean Fielding winning prizes.

THE CHAPERONE.



"CRYSTAL DIAMONDS"
For The Tea Table

My lady wears her diamonds, to beautify her hands,
My lady wears her diamonds, in rings and gorgeous strands.
My lady now has "Diamonds," of sparkling purity,
These brilliant "Crystal Diamonds," for coffee and for tea.

"Crystal Diamonds" are the finest table sugar ever produced and are the result of 30 years experience in sugar refining. In attractive 5 pound cartoons and also by the pound.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited, Montreal.

THE STRONGEST PULL

on any part of any Ellis garment will fail to permanently displace it from its original shapely form.

WHYP

Because it is made by the wonderful "Spring Needle" process, which method of construction ensures absolute elasticity.

Stretch an Ellis garment as far as you like; then let go—and it will immediately spring back into place.

Write for our free booklet—
it tells the whole story.

THE ELLIS MFG. COMPANY, LIMITED
HAMILTON - - - - ONTARIO

RESTFUL SLEEP

is a very important factor to good health and business success. A good spring bed and mattress is largely responsible for sound sleep. At a reasonable price you get absolutely the best made in the world in the Hercules Bed Springs and Gold Medal Felt Mattresses, three months' trial. Ask your dealer for this make.

THE GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Ltd.
Toronto Winnipeg Montreal Established 1890

BEAUTY IS SKIN DEEP

To be beautiful you must keep a soft smooth, clear skin, and to have such a skin is to be beautiful. The ideal complexion preparation is

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It has been used by beautiful women for 25 years. It cures chapped hands, sore lips and facial blemishes, and cures the roughness of the skin caused by cold and wind.

Campana's Italian Balm should be every woman's inseparable toilet companion.

25 Cents. Sold by all druggists.

E. G. WEST & CO., - - - Canadian Agents
176 King St. East., Toronto.

O'K

The Beer With A Reputation

Purity, Quality, Flavor. Filtered and pasteurized—Best Barley Malt and Hops. Delicious—Thirst Quenching.

The Light Beer In The Light Bottle

O'Keefe's Pilsener is an ideal tonic and aid to digestion. Order a case from your dealer.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

56 YEARS' GROWTH IN MERCHANDISING

Fashion Foremost Fancies In The New Silks

We have a large collection of all the favorite Fabrics for Spring wear, correct in color and weave. This is the season of colors and our showing here represents what is new and best in everything, so that you cannot make any mistake in selecting your Spring materials. You will find lovely French printed Foulards in the new satin liberty and French twills, 21 and 44 inches wide. All the new makes in rough and semi-rough suitings, silks, Rajahs, Satin Rajahs, Buddha's, French Shantungs, Tussores, etc., etc. New Ottoman Cords, New Directoire Satins, Merve Brilliant and Paillettes in the newest colors of ashes of roses, amethyst, anemone, biche, raisin, grape, puce, apricot, ochre, wisteria, gazelle, holhern, etc., etc.

We will be very pleased to show you these in our Silk Section.

The New Vibrator

The Arnold Massage Vibrator -- Latest and Best

This instrument can be attached to any electric light lamp or used separately with dry batteries.

The Arnold Vibrator is the latest scientific method of giving Swedish movement and hand massage by mechanical means. With this wonderful electrical instrument you can give as powerful massage as the strongest expert masseur.

It is also the very latest electrical device discovered and is of most valuable assistance in treating cases of poor circulation and ailments of the heart, nerves, brain and vital organs.

This Vibrator is being recommended by the greatest experts in the medical profession both in Europe and America for the treatment of all rheumatic and neuralgic or paralytic affections. Thousands were sold in New York City alone last month.

The little machine comes in a handy case that can be easily packed away in your baggage when travelling.

Keeps the Hair and Scalp healthy; removes wrinkles and crows-feet from the face.

If your druggist doesn't handle them, write to us—we will furnish all information quickly.

G. MILLER & COMPANY

Room 30, Saturday Night Building - TORONTO

Our Birthday To-Day

JAEGER PURE WOOL

Day and Night Wear

Jaeger Pure Wool day and night wear is well liked in Toronto—we expected it would be. Indeed wherever it is worn it is highly appreciated.

Twelve months ago we opened our own store for the exclusive sale of Pure Wool Goods for ladies, gentlemen and children. And on this, the anniversary, we wish to thank all who appreciate its high qualities of health and comfort by wearing it, and to remind them that our new shirt styles for the spring are unusually good-looking. A visit will be appreciated.

10 Adelaide Street West

(Two doors from Yonge)

Dr. Jaeger's Company, Limited

MUSIC NOTES

IN all of these compositions the composer reveals a high order of musicianship and an intimate knowledge of what is "Klaviermassig." I have no hesitation in recommending to piano teachers and students these very excellent works, feeling that they are among the most important contributions in recent years to native composition.

* * *

Between these two events the Toronto Symphony Orchestra will present a fine programme, assisted by the wonderful Russian violinist, Mischa Elman, who will play the Tschaikowsky "Concerto." Everywhere that he has played this season he has aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and Toronto is fortunate in hearing him while he is still the rage.

The chief novelty of Mr. Welsman's programme is "Finlandia," the tribute of a patriot to his native land. No modern composer has so quickly caught the public ear, nor has followed one success with another as Sibelius has done. His "Lemminkainen," a symphonic poem in four parts, of which only two parts have been heard in public, convinced conductors of the rank of Henry Wood that a new force had come into orchestral writing, and when "Finlandia" was ready he invited the composer to go to London and conduct its first performance. Sibelius accepted, and on February 13 it was played in Queen's Hall. The direct, characteristic style held the listeners from the beginning to the end. In a private letter from a friend in London, is the following: "Of course people are going to say it is Grieg, and all that sort of thing, but it is one of the most remarkable examples of programme music I've ever listened to. The love of country glows in every bar, and it's as stirring as the 'Marseillaise.'"

The great number is Beethoven's "Fifth," my favorite of all his symphonies. Mr. Welsman was fortunate enough to hear two of the foremost conductors on this side of the water do it last winter, and this, with the marvellous results he is producing in the playing of the orchestra, makes one impatient to hear what he will do with it. I am beginning to believe that he is a wizard of some hitherto unknown variety, who works his spells too subtly for even the closest observer to realize how it is all done. There is no lightening, nor smoke, nor mysterious incantations, but out of the most unpromising beginnings he has builded us an orchestra that we can listen to with unalloyed pleasure, despite the fact that some of the best orchestras in America have been here this season. If the hall is not crowded next Wednesday night, I shall feel very much ashamed of Toronto's pretensions to being the musical centre we fondly imagine it to be. It is requested that the audience will be seated before 8.15, owing to the length of the programme.

* * *

Mr. Frederick Thomas, organist of Grace church, Brantford, gave a Mendelssohn Centenary Recital on the 11th, which called forth the following appreciation from The Brantford Examiner:

One of the most enjoyable musical events of the season was the Mendelssohn Centenary Recital given in Grace church last evening, by the organist, Mr. Frederick C. Thomas, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O., assisted by the choir. The large number present greatly enjoyed the programme, which was taken wholly from the famous composer's works, and every number proved a musical triumph.

With such a gathering of artists as those who assisted, it would be difficult indeed to particularize anyone, but the solo "O Rest in the Lord," (Elijah), by Miss M. Roberts, proved one of the most delightful features of the evening's programme. By no means a stranger in Brantford's musical circles, Miss Roberts surpassed herself and scored a distinct triumph. The motet "Hear my Prayer," by Mrs. A. G. Parker and the choir, was also a charming number, and Mr. J. Whittaker's solo "O God have Mercy" (St. Paul), was much appreciated. Among the other artists who assisted were Misses S. Piper, M. Roberts, E. J. Chevers and C. S. Mitchell in a delightful quartette, "Cast Thy Burden," Misses H. Fawkes, E. Roberts and M. Roberts in a well rendered trio, "Lift Thine Eyes," and solos by Mr. Edward N. Roberts and Mr. H. McLean.

Mr. Frederick Thomas' rendition of Mendelssohn's organ masterpieces were splendid. Special tribute might be paid to the "Allegretto" from the symphony cantata, "Lobgesang," which was specially composed for the grand instrumental and choral Gutenburg Festival held at Leipzig in 1840. The well-known and perhaps most popular of Mendelssohn's works, "Spring Song Without Words," was given in a masterful manner.

The collection taken will be added to the Laymen's Missionary funds of Grace church.

* * *

Miss Charlotte Harris, of Westminster College, will be the singer at the recital to be given in St. George's Hall, April 3, by Miss Eleanor Hains, a pupil in violin playing of Miss Kate Archer, and Miss Flora McDonald, a pupil of Mr. Welsman. Miss Harris will sing Clay's "The Sands o' Dee" and Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?"

MELOS.

LOW FARES WEST

VIA CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

$33 for one way ticket from Chicago to Seattle, Tacoma or Spokane, Wash., Portland, Ore., Victoria or Vancouver, B.C., San Francisco or Los Angeles, California, and many other points on the Pacific Coast. Tickets on sale March 1 to April 30. $7 for double berth in tourist sleeper from Chicago. Complete information about routes and train service free on request. A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 8 King Street East, Toronto.

Mr. William Caven Barron (President, London Conservatory of Music and School of Expression, London, Ont.—now resident of Boston, Mass., with studio at 207 Newbury street) announces a summer home camp on the Atlantic coast, close to Boston. With or without tuition. Sleeping apartments in the home, or in tent-bungalows. Home comforts. Many advantages will be offered in music, expression (under Miss Ethel Maud Tomlinson), domestic science, bathing, athletic and water sports, under a professional instructor. Further information, address as above.

"Well said" is still talking when "well done" is eating.—Life.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

ALLEY—On Monday, March 15, 1909, at 15 Madison avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. M. Alley, a daughter.

M'LEAN—On Saturday, March 13, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. McLean of 98 Walmer road, a son.

MARRIAGE

STEELE-LINDSAY—On Thursday, Feb. 25, 1909, at London, Ont., by the Rev. Dr. Ross, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Maude Mary Lindsay, Parkhill, Ont., to Forrest Howard Steele, Forest, Ont.

DEATHS.

HUGHES—On Sunday, March 14, 1909, at 599 Parliament street, Toronto, Stanley, only and dearly beloved child of Wm. and Anabel Hughes, aged 4 years 8 months and 14 days.

FRAWLEY—At Orillia, March 4, Nicholas Joseph Frawley, aged 58 years.

BURGAR—At Welland, on Sunday, March 14, 1909, W. E. Burgar, M.D., aged 68 years.

CASSELS—On March 15, 1909, at 151 Metcalfe street, Montreal, Mary Gibbens MacNab, widow of the late Robert Cassels, and daughter of the late Hon. James MacNab, in her 88th year.

ALEX. MILLARD

UNDERTAKER

Private Mortuary

Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

See How It Sparkles!!

When you pour Magi Water, take a second to note the glint of life—the radiation of prisoned light. This "aliveness" is a delightful feature peculiar to

MAGI WATER

Taste it—your tongue and palate will fairly sense the release of this life and light when Magi Water touches them. There is a niceness—a delicate touch of clean, fresh goodness to Magi Water that no other water possesses.

Its reputation for these qualities has led some to market imitations of Magi Caledonia Water under the name of Caledonia Water—leaving off "Magi." Fortunately for you, Nature cannot be imitated—so be sure always to ask for and insist on *Magi* Water—don't forget, *Magi* Water

The wholesomeness and healthfulness of Magi Water are especially recommended by Physicians—in fact, they prescribe it for Rheumatism, Gout and kindred ailments.

Comes in pints, splits or half gallons—still or carbonated. Can be had at cafes, hotels, bars, chemists', on all R. R. cafe cars and at your grocer's by the bottle or the case.

Kay's Fine Furniture

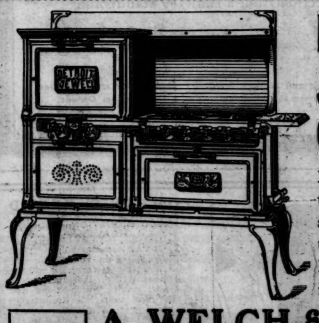
A COLONIAL FOUR POSTER.

One of several handsome designs in fine Mahogany included in our Spring Showing of New Bedroom Furniture.

JOHN KAY COMPANY

Limited

36 and 38 King Street West



DETROIT JEWEL

Gas Ranges

Don't forget that the only store in Toronto selling the Detroit Jewel is

A. WELCH & SON

304 Queen W.

LOOK FOR THE NAME Detroit Jewel

Come and see these celebrated Gas Stoves. Let us demonstrate to you how they work.

Handsome in appearance—handy to operate—saving on gas, and the most durable range made.

TURBINE Steamships.

Royal Mail Service.
MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL
...ian..... May 7th, June 4th
...ian..... May 14th, June 11th
...an..... May 21st, June 18th
...rian..... May 28th, June 25th

Rates of Passage.
...Class ..... $77.50 and upwards; ...Steamers, $87.50 and upwards; ...Class, $45, $47.50 and $50. According to Steamer.

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW
..... May 8th, June 5th.
...an..... May 15th, June 12th.
...an..... May 22nd, June 19th.
...rian..... May 29th, June 26th.

Rates of Passage.
...an and Hesperian, first class, $67.50 ...wards; second class, $45.00 and ...Ionian and Pretorian, one class, ...d cabin) $42.50 and upwards.

...ONTREAL TO HAVRE and LONDON.
...r particulars call or write
"THE ALLAN LINE."
77 Yonge St., Toronto.

SLEEPER AT 10.15 P.M. DAILY FOR SUDBURY

with good connection for Sault Ste. Marie, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and beyond.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Arrive Sudbury 6.50 a.m. Local passengers may remain in car until 8 a. m., and passengers holding sleeping car tickets for the Soo and beyond until arrival of connecting train.

New Sudbury-Toronto Train

Leave Sudbury 7 p.m., connections from Vancouver, St. Paul and the Soo. Arrive Toronto 6.30 a.m. Passengers may remain in Toronto sleeper until 8 a.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Double Track | FOUR TRAINS | Fast Time

Daily to Montreal

7.30 A.M.	8.30 P.M.
9.00 A.M.	10.15 P.M.

This shows the popularity of a double track route, with the finest equipment in every particular. Pullman sleepers on both night trains.

Detroit, Chicago

8.00 A.M. Fast daily trains connecting 4 40 P.M. at Chicago for all points 11.00 P.M. South, West and North. Cafe parlor cars at 8.00 a.m. and 4.40 p.m.

Pullman's best sleepers through to Chicago.

Secure ticket at Corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

INSOMNIA

Dr. J. F. ELLIS
Member of Nova Scotia Legislative Assembly for Guysboro County.

"I beg to say that I have found "Wilson's Invalids' Port" to be of very high quality and especially suited for Invalids. I have used it in my practice *exclusively* since first becoming acquainted with its merits."

WILSON'S Invalids' Port
(à la Quina du Pérou)

Insomnia is a very frequent accompaniment of exhaustion of the nervous system. Through sleeplessness the intellectual centres show impairment, memory, will, reason all become measureably affected.

Wilson's Invalids' Port, a combination of pure Oporto Wine and Cinchona Bark, is one of the best nerve tonics known to the Medical Profession. Its use will not only cure sleeplessness but allay irritability and all forms of nervous depression.

Ask YOUR Doctor.

BIG BOTTLE
Sold at all Pharmacies Everywhere. 61

JAS. J. O'HEARN & SON
DECORATORS
249 Queen Street West

Let us give you an estimate on redecorating your home. This is our specialty.

Office Phone Main 2677
Residence Phone College 455.
8 D'Arcy St.

FEARMAN'S HAMILTON
Star Brand BACON
is the Best Bacon

The Seigneur's Tomb

(*Continued from page 9.*)

"Yvonne!" came the sudden command.

The Abbe's tone was imperious, and the girl slowly looked up at him.

"Leave that man immediately," he ordered, "and tell him that he must go—must go and never return."

"Oh, Yvonne, Yvonne, you won't do that—you can't do that!" Paul pleaded wildly.

The girl looked from one to the other slowly with an expression of pained wonderment as though striving to come to a decision.

"Leave him, I say," shouted the Abbe, furious at her indecision, "do you not hear me?"

He was her guardian and a priest, and she had always obeyed him. She did so now, and was slowly releasing herself from her lover's despairing grasp, when the Abbe's evil genius prompted him to hasten matters. He stepped up to her and taking her by the arm started to drag her towards him. But the youth immediately sprang in between them.

"If she wishes to go with you, well and good," he said, "but, by Heavens, you shall not use—" and then the Abbe struck him.

The priest was a powerful man and the blow took the young man fairly on the forehead. He dropped as though shot and almost instantly the blood began to flow from an ugly gash. The girl gave a shriek of horror and fell on her knees beside him, trying with her handkerchief to staunch the flow.

"Oh, you have killed him—you have killed him!" she cried. "You are a murderer—a murderer!"

But the Abbe stood there quietly and waited. He had seen too much suffering to be frightened by a blow or a little blood. In a few moments Paul opened his eyes, and after gazing wildly around for an instant struggled to his feet, in spite of Yvonne's entreaties that he should lie still.

"And now, *monsieur l'Abbe,*" he said, "you have acted like a gentleman and a Christian."

But the Abbe ignored the sarcasm.

"*Monsieur,* you may think I owe you an apology," he said, "but I do not intend to make one. I ordered you to leave my land and my niece, and when you chose to disregard that order I was entitled to address you in the manner you would understand. And now I hope you will go without any more ado."

"No, sir, not till your niece tells me so."

"Tell him, then, Yvonne," said the Abbe with a scornful shrug.

"*Non, mon oncle,* I cannot give him any such order," was the quiet reply.

"What, you refuse to obey me?" he cried in a new burst of rage.

"I cannot—I cannot—"

"Well, then, go—go—both of you—go, I say!" and he almost strangled in his fury.

She started to plead with him, but he waved her off violently. She turned to her lover.

"Paul," she said," you asked me to be your wife. I could not give you an answer then. But I will go with you now."

Without another word they went out through the trees and across the fields, leaving the Abbe there by the tomb. He sat down on it dazed and helpless. He could not understand that she was gone, that he was alone. But finally he came to realize that she would never come back, for she, too, was a proud De Boisgrand. He knew then that the evil mission of the old seigneur's tomb was almost complete. A sudden mad rage surged up in him. Springing to his feet he stood over the huge grave-stone, glaring down on it till his gaze seemed to pierce to the bones below. Suddenly he swung up the heavy stick which he still held in his hand, and brought it down with all his force on the stone.

"Curse you! Curse you!" he shouted as the stick was dashed to pieces, and the wild cry went pealing up to the quiet stars.

PETER O'DEE.

NOT long ago a man who has followed track and field athletics for twenty years asked me this question, says M. C. Murphy in the New York Herald:

"If the American first string men of 1895 were pitted against the first string men of the 1908 Olympic team, and in the same eleven events which made up the 1895 international games, which would be the winners?"

Before going into a detailed discussion on this point I want to state that there has been a tremendous improvement in track and field athletics within the last fifteen years. By this I do not mean that the present day champions are superior to those of 1895. The point I would emphasize is that we have a larger number of men capable of first-class performances to-day than we had then. Where we had one first-class man in those days we now have half a dozen or more, all equally good. If such a meet as that suggested in the above question were held and four places counted in the scoring there is no doubt that the 1908 team would have an easy victory, but if it were to be a meet between the first place men of each team there is no doubt in my mind that the veterans of fourteen years ago would be returned the winners. The conclusion to be drawn from this is that the improvement referred to has been rather an improvement among the masses—a raising of the general standard of efficiency rather than a wholesale betterment of existing records.

THE world-wide interest in polo is well shown by the programmes for the coming season in England. The prospects are very bright indeed, for, in addition to the visit of the Meadow Brook team from America, which will be selected from H. P. Whitney, L. Waterbury, J. M. Waterbury, D. Milborne and H. C. Phipps, they are to have a Madrid team, consisting of the Marquis de Villavieia, the Duc d'Albe, Penerando and Santona, assisted at times by Senor E. de Escandon.

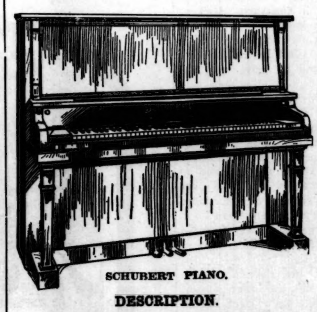
Hungary's crack team, composed of Count Sigray Karolyi and Andrassy, and well known at Cannes, Hamburg, Ostend and other Continental polo centres, is also going over, while from Argentine is expected a fine combination which will be known as the Wild Ranch team and will be captained by J. Schwind.

Carl Wemer, writing in The Bohemian Magazine, says: On no point is the average smoker so ill-informed as that of judging a cigar. Nine times out of ten, upon being handed a cigar, he will hold it to his nose unlighted, sniff at the wrapper with a critical air, and deliver his verdict in a self-satisfied manner. This characteristic manoeuvre is always a source of amusement to any tobacco man who happens to observe it. There is only one way to ascertain the quality of a cigar, and that is to smoke it. No expert will pass judgment on a cigar till he has lighted it and smoked it well down towards the middle. The first and most important point upon which he passes his opinion is the "burn." Tobacco may have every other virtue, but if it does not hold the fire and burn evenly it is poor tobacco. Next in order of importance comes the aroma—the smoke must have a pleasing "smell;" next comes the flavor—the smoke must be smooth and not "scratchy" or bitter. Then, there is the color—rich brown, indicating a ripe leaf, well cured; and lastly, workmanship—good if the wrapper is put on smoothly and the "bunch" is made so that the cigar "draws" freely and is neither too hard nor too spongy; bad if the reverse.

Few women look like themselves in public.—Life.

Remarkable Piano Opportunity

A Stepping-Stone to a Gerhard Heintzman Piano.



SCHUBERT PIANO.

DESCRIPTION.

Height 4 ft. 6 in., 7 1-3 octaves, 3 pedals, loud, soft and very soft; full width swinging music desk, Boston fallboard, continuous hinges, case double veneered inside and out, full overtrung scale, ivory keys.

WE ANNOUNCE A MATTER OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE.

We have just secured from a well-known manufacturer a limited number of fine new "SCHUBERT" Cabinet Grand Upright Pianos, full sized, in handsome walnut and mahogany cases, which for financial reasons he was obliged to sacrifice quickly.

Here is the plan:

While we could readily sell these excellent instruments at a considerable profit we have found a better use for them.

We offer them as an easy stepping-stone to the possession of the famous Gerhard Heintzman. We will give you full advantage of the lowest possible price, and agree to take them back any time within six years, if desired, on the purchase of a new Gerhard Heintzman, allowing credit for the full price paid, less a nominal yearly charge of 5 per cent. for wear and tear.

Furthermore, we offer these pianos at **the exceedingly low price of $200 cash**, or on the following reasonable terms: **$10 cash and $6 per month, with interest at 6 per cent.** We will ship anywhere on approval, and if you are not satisfied **we will pay the return freight.**

Here is an unexpected chance to not only secure an unheard-of value, but to make easy the final purchase of the highest grade piano manufactured—the celebrated GERHARD HEINTZMAN.

Special "price offerings" are no novelty, and a "price offering" may mean little or nothing. But a real piano offering which combines such a low price with such excellent quality is rare indeed. These pianos are fully guaranteed by their maker and by this Company, who, as makers of the GERHARD HEINTZMAN Piano, could not under any circumstances have their name associated with a questionable instrument.

If you are not ready at this time to purchase a piano of the highest grade, but desire a splendid new instrument for your own use, for the use of the children, for students or beginners, here is a chance of the greatest value.

Do not delay in taking advantage of this offering. Our supply of these instruments is limited, and they are sure to go quickly.

Call or write us at once.

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited
97 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Martell's THREE STAR BRANDY

Monologue

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

is an entertainer which comes into your home for a small price and makes all kinds of vocal and instrumental music available.

By means of the **AMBEROL RECORDS**, Mr. Edison's newest invention, a great many other kinds of music, monologues, dialogues and other things are available for the Edison Phonograph which have not before been used in a talking machine.

Hear the Edison Phonograph and the Amberol Records at your nearest dealer's, and make arrangements with him for obtaining them at once.

FREE. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalogue of Edison Phonographs, also catalogue containing complete lists of Edison Records, old and new.

We Want Good Live Dealers to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers having established stores should write at once to

National Phonograph Company, 113 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J., U.S.A.

Canadian Supply Depots

Edison Phonographs and Records

THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED

143 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

121 PRINCESS STREET, WINNIPEG

Oriental Rugs Cleaned

"We Make Them Like New"

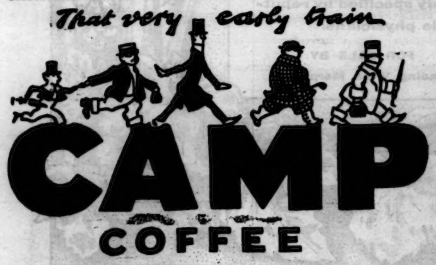
Rugs need cleaning at least once a year. The deep pile gets filled with dust, and no sweeping or beating can get it all out. The wool itself gets soiled and nothing but washing will make it clean again. Don't try to wash your own rugs, for you might injure the colors as well as warp the fabric. There's only one safe process and that is the *Persian Process*. It is a process which has to be operated by an expert, and is the only method of cleaning which positively improves the rugs, making them brighter, silkier, and more durable. We are the only ones in Canada who understand and are equipped to operate the Persian Process of cleaning. Old rugs, that may not look good enough to give the ragman, may be shown by cleaning to be beautiful and valuable. Particulars and estimates cheerfully given.

Send for our Booklet—"Cleaning Oriental Rugs"

Courian, Babayan & Co.

40 King St. East. Opposite King Edward Hotel

That very early train



CAMP COFFEE

Made instantly—a child can make it. It has all the fragrance and delicious flavour of the finest coffee. There is no other 'just as good.'

Ask your grocer for it to-day, and be sure to say 'CAMP.'

R. PATERSON & SONS, COFFEE SPECIALISTS, GLASGOW

Men That Dickens Sketched.

A LONDON paper publishes a talk with an old Limehouse barge master who tells how one man at least on the river Dickens knew and wrote of so well considered the novelist to be "no gentleman." When the old barge master was a youngster a Capt. Parera was harbor master at Limehouse. It was Capt. Parera who denied that Dickens was a gentleman.

"Napier Hemy, the sea painter, used to sit on my barges for days painting the view," the old barge master is quoted. "Parera said to him one day, 'That Mr. Dickens is no gentleman, though he gives me many a cigar; his cigars are nearly as good as yours.' 'Oh!' said Mr. Hemy.

"'He came down to make books,' said Parera, 'the same as you make pictures, and he went away and put me in one of his books and called me "a mahogany faced captain and an amphibious animal"; likewise my assistant, Joe, he put in his book as "a bottle nosed person in a glazy hat." Do you call them the acts of a gentleman?'"

Another story of Parera and Dickens the old man told was as follows:

"Parera taught the boys in Lime'us workhouse something of sailoring by means of a rigged craft standing on the pavement in the yard. Dickens brought some ladies and gentlemen down one day for what he called 'a voyage to the West Indies.' Parera was captain and the boys were the crew.

"The captain wanted to give them an order and stepped over the side of the craft to the pavement. Dickens came running up with a life buoy and some rope and shouted, 'Man overboard!' He flung the buoy to Parera and knocked him head over heels. Capt. Parera swore once more that Dickens was no gentleman."

The old barge master remembered the original of Rogue Riderhood in "Our Mutual Friend"; he was called Nasty Dicky on the river.

"One day," said the barge master, "Mr. Hemy and a son of Capt. Parera were leaning over the harbor master's veranda when a boatman rowed up to the ladder of The Grapes for a drink with a body towing behind.

"'Have you read "Our Mutual Friend"?' asked Mr. Parera. 'Yes? Do you remember the doings of the Bird of Prey?'

"'Well, that's him. Nasty Dick is the Bird of Prey. He's got another!'

"'Another' meant another body.

"Dick picked bodies up in the river and brought them in for the usual five shillings reward—that's the customary thing when a body's found.

"So Perara said, 'Where did you find it? 'On the Point, on the mud.' 'What has he got?' 'I don't know,' said Dick; 'if it had been dark I'd have run the rule over him.' Then Mr. Hemy knew he was indeed Rogue Riderhood."

THE ONLY DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE TO BUFFALO, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

Via the Grand Trunk Railway System. First-class equipment and excellent train service, as follows: To Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York, 9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., and 6.10 p.m.; to Montreal, 7.30 a.m., 9.00 a.m., 8.30 p.m., and 10.15 p.m.; to Detroit and Chicago, 8.00 a.m., 4.40 p.m., and 11.00 p.m. Above trains all run daily. Secure tickets and make reservations at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Streets; Phone Main 4209.

A HOLIDAY IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

An attractive pamphlet entitled "A Holiday in the Old Country," giving particulars of routes and fares for a four weeks' tour in England and Scotland in connection with the sailings of Allan Line steamers to Liverpool and Glasgow, has been issued by the Caledonian Railway (Scotland). Persons contemplating a summer holiday in Great Britain will find the suggestions and examples of tours given of interest. The pamphlet may be obtained from The Allan Line, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE LENTEN SEASON AT ATLANTIC CITY

Is one of the most attractive periods at this popular resort. Through trains to Philadelphia via Pennsylvania Railroad leave Exchange Street Station, Buffalo, at 9.00 a.m., 7.30 and 10.45 p.m. daily. The night trains make direct connection in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, with express trains to Atlantic City via the Delaware River Bridge, all-rail-route. Consult B. P. Fraser, D.P.A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo.

TO MONTREAL

There is no better line than the Canadian Pacific. A fast service of night and day trains is maintained, the roadbed is excellent, and equipment unequalled. The night express, at 10 p.m. from Toronto, is an especial favorite with business men.

SMOKE "OSBORNE"

Highest Grade Turkish Cigarettes

Same as supplied to His Majesty's Royal Yachts. On sale at the leading Clubs and Cigar Stores throughout Canada. 10 in Box, 30c; 20 in Box, 60c; 50 in Box, $1.50; 100 in Box, $3.

A. Clubb & Sons, SOLE AGENTS 5 King St. West

There is no room for argument as to the superiority of

B.B.B. PIPES

Every smoker knows that their equal doesn't exist.

ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS TOBACCONISTS.

Watson's

Scotch Whisky

Agents McGaw & Russell, Toronto—Telephone M. 2647

BY APPOINTMENT

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

CARLINGS

CELEBRATED ALE, PORTER AND LAGER

UNSURPASSED FOR PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND UNIFORMITY